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TO THE STUDENT

• 1. ON THE USE OF THIS BOOK

I HOPE this book will help you to enjoy reading, and to read with quick understanding. If you learn to do that, you will pass your examinations without difficulty. Your work will become easy when you enjoy it.

You will also learn from this book the various uses of prose, and why there are different kinds of prose for different purposes. That will help you in English composition.

If you learn to love reading, you will want to go on reading after you have left school; and that will help you to become a truly cultured person, which you cannot be, even with half-a-dozen University degrees, unless you continue to love knowledge throughout your whole life.

To get the full benefit of this book, it should be used in the following way:—

1. Read quickly the Section 'About Prose and Poetry' on page ix.

2. Read the short preface to the particular passage you are going to study. That will tell you what it is about.

3. Read the title of the Section (§), printed in SMALL CAPITAL LETTERS.

4. Read the Key-Question of the Section *very carefully*. (You must try to remember the Key-Question while you are reading the Section, so be sure of this.)

5. Take a pencil in your hand, and read the whole Section *rapidly*. Keep the Key-Question in your mind as you read. If there are difficult words or phrases which you can't understand in your first reading of the passage, *don't bother about them now*; don't look up the notes at this stage, but just *underline the difficult words with your pencil*.

6. When you have finished reading the Section once, see if you can give an answer (in your mind, not in writing) to the Key-Question. If you can, that's good. If you cannot, never mind. You will soon be able to do it after a little practice.

7. Now look at the Notes at the end of the passage. They are very full, and you are almost certain to find there the difficult words which you underlined; they will be in black type. If it helps you, you can now write the 'meanings' in the margin of your book, against the words which you underlined.

8. Then with the help of the 'meanings' read the Section again, more carefully, and see if you can now answer the Key-Question in your mind. You are almost sure to be able to answer it now, but, if you cannot, please mark the Section, so that you can get a little help from your teacher to make it quite clear. Better still, come back to that Section once more, after you have finished your other work, and try it again. *You will remember it much better if you can understand it by means of your own efforts.*

9. Repeat exactly the same process with each Section.

10. When you have finished all the Sections in this way, please read the part of the Notes called APPRECIATION, and see if you agree with what is said there.

Refer to any points mentioned, and make sure you understand them. Discuss them with your teacher and fellow-students. This will help you to enjoy and appreciate the style of the author, and to understand the way in which he has used prose to express what he wanted to say.

11. Then try the EXERCISES. You should do most of them in writing and show them to your teacher for correction.

12. To revise any passage, make sure that you can answer *all* the Key-Questions and most of the Exer-

cises. You will see how useful the Key-Questions are, when you come to revise for your examination.

As time goes on, you will find that you yourself will be able to make the Key-Questions of a Section. So, here and there in the book, I have left the Key-Questions blank for you to practise on.

2. ABOUT PROSE AND POETRY

PROSE means 'ordinary language'—it is our usual way of speaking or writing.

POETRY is 'special language'—words used in a beautiful or unusual way to give pleasure to the poet and to others who hear or read his words.

STYLE means 'the way of doing or making something'. We use different ways of writing or speaking for different purposes. If we are writing notes, we use as few words as possible; if our purpose is to explain something difficult, we use very clear and simple words; sometimes we say the same thing in several different ways, to make it clear. If we are writing a letter to a friend, we try to make it interesting by using the best words to describe our actions or feelings. If we are angry with someone, we use angry words, because we want the other person to feel hurt or ashamed. If we want to persuade a person, we use soft words. So the 'style' of our writing or speaking is different according to the purpose we have. If you want to make a person feel happy, you do not use harsh and ugly words. You must choose the right 'style' of writing or speaking for your purpose.

A DIARY.¹ For keeping a diary, you would use the simplest style of writing. The purpose of keeping a diary is to remind you of what happened, or of the thoughts.

¹ Be careful to pronounce this word 'die-er-y', not 'dare-ry'. *dairy* (dare-ry) is a place where cows are kept for milk. A (die-er-y) is a note-book in which you write something every day.

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you had, or of things you have to do. You write a diary for your own use, not for others to read. So you write briefly and simply. You use a clear and simple style of writing, with few words, or using abbreviations (shortened forms of words).

A LETTER. The style of a letter differs according to your purpose in writing it. If you are writing a business letter—to order some books to be sent by V.P.P., or some such thing—you must be as brief as possible; but you must make quite clear what you want, even if you have to use a few more words to say it. You must write your name and address clearly, and date the letter correctly. You must begin and end the letter properly. I shall not tell you how to do that here; you will learn that in your lessons on Composition. The 'style' of a business letter must be 'business-like', clear and simple.

But, if you are writing a letter to a special friend, your purpose is quite different. You wish to give pleasure and information about yourself to that friend. So you write those things which you think are likely to interest or amuse your friend, and you try to write them in an interesting or amusing way. You write in 'an interesting and amusing style', choosing the best words for that purpose.

BIOGRAPHY. Biography means writing about someone's life. A book describing one's own life is called an 'autobiography'. There is an extract from Gandhiji's autobiography in this book.

In describing the events in a person's life, the writer wants to make them very interesting to the reader. He wants to describe them in such a lively way that the reader may have a clear picture in his mind. The reader must be able to imagine the events happening. He must see them 'in the mind's eye'. For this purpose, the style must help the reader to use his imagination, and to 'see with the

mind's eye'. The autobiographies of Mahatma Gandhi and of Sri Jawaharlal Nehru are good examples of this style of writing. I hope you will read them in full some day.

HISTORY. History is the record of past events. The most important thing in the writing of History is that it should be a *true* record. A writer of History must try to state exactly what happened, and not try to persuade the reader that what happened was right or wrong. The reader must judge whether what happened was good or bad. But if the writer tells only some of the facts, and hides others, or slightly changes them so that they are not exactly true, then the reader cannot judge correctly, and that is not true History. To make History interesting, the writer has to choose words which describe events most clearly and as if they were actually happening.

ADVENTURE AND TRAVEL. If the adventures or travels really happened, and are truthfully described; then such writing is a sort of History. You have a good example in this book in the passage about 'Captain Scott's Last Expedition'. But travellers often like to 'exaggerate' (which means to describe something in a way which makes the hearer or reader think it was greater than it really was). The man who has shot a big tiger says it was 12 feet in length, when probably it was only 8 feet long! A motorist says his car went at 100 miles an hour, when it really went only 80! And we enjoy such stories, even if they are not quite true. Many 'Wild West' stories are of that kind—those which are written in books and also those we see in films.

STORIES. Adventure stories have been mentioned above. Sometimes they describe things which could not possibly have happened; but we enjoy them if the description is amusing, even though we know it is nonsense. A good example is 'The Adventures of Baron Munchausen' in this book. Stories about journeys to the

moon, or about giants and wizards, are of this kind. They should be written in a very thrilling or amusing style, to make them interesting.

Then there are stories about imaginary persons and events, written in such a clever way that they seem to be real. We call these 'novels' or 'stories of imagination'. They contain descriptions of what people are imagined to have said and done.

DRAMA. A story written for acting is called a 'drama' or a 'play'. Instead of descriptions there is 'scenery'; and the actors are dressed in the clothes worn at the time when the events are supposed to have happened. You have an example of a 'drama' in this book, in the extract from Shakespeare's famous play *Julius Caesar*. The words used are those which the people in the drama are supposed to have actually spoken; but if the drama is in poetry, then the words are specially chosen for their beautiful sound and meaning, as in the plays of Kalidasa and other great dramatists.

LEGENDS. In all countries there are old stories about heroes of the past. Such stories often tell about adventures which could not really have happened, such as men flying through the air on magic carpets, or being changed into animals or stars. Sometimes they are told as explanations of happenings which could not be understood—such as why the sea is salt, or why there are marks on the surface of the Moon. Such stories are called 'legends'.

The 'Tale of Old Sind' in this book is a legend: it may have been invented in order to explain the existence of a great crack in the earth (probably caused by an earthquake), into which Saswi and Punho (the heroine and hero of the story) are said to have fallen. 'The King of the Golden River' is also a legend.

FABLES AND PARABLES. There are also

stories in which animals or flowers are described as talking like men and women. These stories are usually told in order to teach a lesson. In this book you will find such a story in 'The Adventures of Five Peas'. There are also 'teaching' stories which describe things which may actually have happened, such as 'A Quarrel and its Ending'. These are called 'parables'. There is also a parable in the extract from 'The Sermon on the Mount'.

ORATIONS AND SERMONS. When someone makes a speech, by which he or she hopes to persuade others to do something, or to praise or blame what has been done, such a speech is called an 'oration'; the speaker is called an 'orator'. The speeches of Brutus and Antony in *Julius Caesar* are orational. A speech intended to teach is called a 'sermon'. The 'Sermon on the Mount' is an example of this. The person who delivers an oration or a sermon must choose a style which shows that he is very earnest, that is, he has a strong belief in what he says, and wishes others also to believe it, and to act upon it.

PROSE FOR EXPLAINING. Nowadays, there are many books about Science and about other subjects which are not easy to understand. To be useful, such books must explain everything very carefully and clearly so that ordinary people can understand difficult things. The style of the prose of such books must be very clear and easy to understand. If difficult words are used they must be explained, so that the meaning may be quite clear. There are examples of such prose in 'Science and Happiness' and 'No man is an Island'.

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When you write anything, try to choose the correct style for whatever purpose you have. But before you try to write, be quite sure you have something in your mind which you really want to say. If you have nothing to say,

you will never be able to write well. In Rabindranath Tagore's poem in this book you read that there is true freedom only 'where words come out from the depth of truth'. You will not be free to write, unless your words 'come out from the depth of truth'.

F. G. P.

The Rishi Valley School
South India
February 1953

A NOTE ON THE VOCABULARY

The passages included in this selection have either been simplified so that most of the words used in them are *within a standard vocabulary of about 2,000 words*, or Notes have been given on all words not within that vocabulary, and on all phrases or allusions likely to be difficult for a High School student of today.

A = Analysis

N = Narration

Ex = Explanation

M = Most imp.

GROUP 1: BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

1. FIRST EXPERIENCES IN ENGLAND

M. K. GANDHI

This passage is from the shortened edition of Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography (life of himself), made and translated by his secretary, Mahadeo Desai. His autobiography in English is called *The Story of my Experiments with Truth*. He said of it: 'Writing it (the autobiography) is itself one of the experiments with truth.' By that he meant that he tried to write exactly what happened to him, fully and truthfully, even when some of the things he did were wrong and foolish. *I can be*

§1. WEARING THE WRONG CLOTHES!

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did Mahatma Gandhi get his 'first lesson in European etiquette', and what was that lesson?*]

We reached Southampton, as far as I remember, on a Saturday. On the boat I had worn a black suit; the white flannel one, which my friends had got me, having been kept especially for wearing when I landed. [I had thought that white clothes would be the right thing when I stepped ashore, and therefore I did so in white flannels.] Those were the last days of September, and I found I was the only person wearing such clothes. I left in charge of an agent all my kit, including the keys, seeing that many others also had done the same and feeling I must follow suit. *अरे*

I had four notes of introduction: to Dr P. J. Mehta, to Sjt Dalpatram Shukla, to Prince Ranjitsinhji and to Dadabhai Naoroji, the Grand Old Man. Someone on board had advised us to put up at the Victoria Hotel in London. Sjt Mazmudar and I accordingly went there. The embarrassment of being the only person in white clothes was already too much for me. [And when at the

hotel I was told that I should not get my things from the agent the next day, it being a Sunday, I was exasperated. A

Dr Mehta, to whom I had wired from Southamp-
ton, called at about eight o'clock the same evening. He
gave me a hearty greeting. He smiled at my being in
flannels. As we were talking, I casually picked up his
top-hat and, trying to see how smooth it was, passed
my hand over it the wrong way and disturbed the fur.
Dr Mehta looked somewhat angrily at what I was doing
and stopped me. But the mischief was done. The in-
cident was a warning for the future. This was my first
lesson in European etiquette, into the details of which
Dr Mehta gently initiated me. 'Do not touch other
people's things,' he said. 'Do not ask questions as we
usually do in India on first acquaintance; do not talk
loudly; never address people as "sir" whilst speaking to
them, as we do in India; only servants and subordinates
address their masters that way.' And so on and so forth.
He also told me that it was very expensive to live in a
hotel and recommended that I should live with a pri-
vate family. We deferred consideration of the matter
until Monday. स्वयंभूत कर्मात्मा

§2. HOMESICK AND UNCOMFORTABLE

[KEY-QUESTION: *What were the first difficulties that Mahatm
Gandhi experienced in England?*]

Sjt Mazmudar and I found the hotel to be a tryin-
g affair. It was also very expensive. There was, howeve-
r, a Sindhi fellow-passenger from Malta who had becom-
e friends with Sjt Mazmudar, and as he was not a strange-
r to London he offered to find rooms for us. We agreed
and, on Monday, as soon as we got our baggage, we
paid up our bills and went to the rooms rented for us
by the Sindhi friend. I remember my hotel bill came

over £3, an amount which shocked me. And I had practically starved in spite of this heavy bill. For I could relish nothing. When I did not like one thing, I asked for another, but had to pay for both just the same. The fact is that all this while I had depended on the provisions which I had brought with me from Bombay.

I was very uneasy even in the new rooms. I would continually think of my home and country. (My mother's love always haunted me. At night the tears would stream down my cheeks and home memories of all sorts made sleep out of the question. It was impossible to share my misery with anyone. And even if I could have done so, where was the use? I knew of nothing that would soothe me. Everything was strange—the people, their ways and even their swellings. I was a complete novice in the matter of English etiquette, and continually had to be on my guard. There was the additional inconvenience of the vegetarian vow. Even the dishes that I could eat, I then thought tasteless and insipid. I thus found myself between Scylla and Charybdis. England I could not bear, but to return to India was not to be thought of. Now that I had come, I must finish the three years, said the inner voice.)

§3. THE VEGETARIAN VOW.

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why did Gandhiji refuse to eat meat?*]

Dr Mehta went on Monday to the Victoria Hotel, expecting to find me there. He discovered that we had left, got our new address, and met me at our rooms. He inspected my room and its appointments, and shook his head in disapproval. 'This place won't do,' he said. 'We come to England not so much for the purpose of bookish studies as for gaining experience of English life and customs. And for this you need to live with a family. But before you do so, I think you had better

serve a period of apprenticeship with —. I will take you there.'

I gratefully accepted the suggestion and removed to the friend's rooms. He was all kindness and attention. He treated me as his own brother, initiated me into English ways and manners, and accustomed me to talking the language. My food, however, became a serious question. I could not relish boiled vegetables, cooked without salt or condiments. The landlady was at a loss to know what to prepare for me. We had oatmeal porridge for breakfast which was fairly filling, but I always starved at lunch and dinner. [The friend continually reasoned with me to eat meat, but I always pleaded my vow and then remained silent.]

Day in and day out the friend would argue, but I had an eternal negative to face him with. The more he argued, the more uncompromising I became. [Daily I would pray for God's protection and get it. Not that I had any idea of God. It was faith that was at work.]

One day the friend began to read from Bentham's Theory of Utility. I was at my wit's end. The language was too difficult for me to understand. He began to expound it. I said: 'Pray excuse me. These abstruse things are beyond me. I admit it may be necessary here to eat meat. But I cannot break my vow. I cannot argue about it. I am sure I cannot meet you in argument. But please give me up as foolish or obstinate. I appreciate your love for me and I know you to be my well-wisher. I also know that you are telling me again and again about this because you feel for me. But I am helpless. A vow is a vow. It cannot be broken.'

The friend looked at me in surprise. He closed the book and said: 'All right. I will not argue any more.' I was glad. He never discussed the subject again. But he did not cease to worry about me. He smoked and drank,

but never asked me to do so. In fact he asked me to abstain from both. His one anxiety was lest I might become very weak without meat, and thus be unable to feel at home in England.

That is how I served my apprenticeship for a month.

जैनिक जी अन्तिम क्षण में (अंकल को करना)

§4. AFFECTING THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

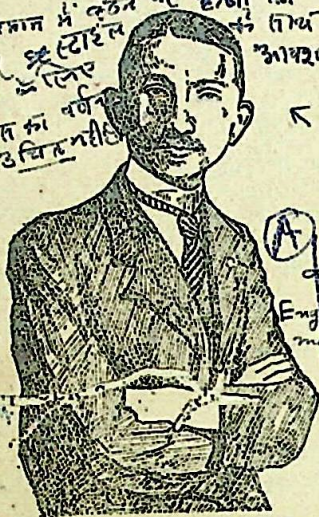
[KEY-QUESTION: *What were the accomplishments which Mahatma Gandhi believed to be the essentials of an English gentleman, and how did he try to master them?*]

Meanwhile my friend had devised another way of winning me. (His love for me led him to think that, if I persisted in my objections to meat-eating I should not only develop a weak constitution, but should return to India an ignorant man, because I should never, in my aloofness reap the benefit of the English stay.)

(But I decided that I should put him at ease, that I should assure him that I would be clumsy no more, but try to become polished, and make up for my vegetarianism by cultivating other accomplishments which fitted one for polite society. And for this purpose I undertook the all too impossible task of becoming an English gentleman.)

The clothes after the Bombay cut, that I was wearing were, I thought, unsuitable for English society, and I got new ones at a fashionable tailor's. I also went in for a silk hat. Not content with this, I wasted ten pounds on an evening suit made in Bond Street; and got my good and noble-hearted brother to send me a double watch-chain of gold. It was not considered quite correct to wear a ready-made tie and I learnt the art of tying one for myself. In India the mirror had been a luxury permitted on the days when the family barber gave me a shave. Here I wasted ten minutes every day before a large mirror watching myself arranging my tie and parting my hair in the correct fashion. My hair was by no means soft.

and every day it meant a regular struggle with the brush to keep it in position. Each time the hat was put on, and off, the hand would automatically move towards the head to adjust the hair, not to mention the other civilized habit of the hand every now and then ^{working} operating for the same purpose when sitting in polished society.



Gandhiji in English clothes

[As if all this were not enough to make me look the thing, I directed my attention to other ^{things} details that were supposed to go towards the making of an English gentleman. I had gathered that it would be the proper thing to take lessons in dancing, French and elocution. French

was not only the language of neighbouring France, but it was the lingua franca of the Continent over which I had a desire to travel. I decided to take dancing lessons at a class and paid down £3 as fees for a term. I must have taken about six lessons in three weeks. But it was beyond me to achieve anything like rhythmic motion. I could not follow the piano and hence found it impossible to keep time. What then was I to do? (The recluse in the fable kept a cat to keep off the rats, and then a cow to feed the cat with milk, and a man to keep the cow and so on.) My ambitions also grew like the family of the recluse. I thought I should learn to play the violin in order to cultivate an ear for western music. So I invested £ in a violin and something more in fees. I sought a third teacher to give me lessons in elocution and paid

him a ^{प्रारम्भिक} preliminary fee of a ^{गुने} guinea. He recommended Bell's *Standard Elocutionist* as the textbook, which I purchased. And I began with a speech of Pitt's.

But Mr Bell rang the bell of alarm in my ear and I awoke.

I had not to spend a lifetime in England, I said to myself. What then was the use of learning elocution? And how could dancing make a gentleman of me? The violin I could learn even in India. I was a student and ought to go on with my studies. I should qualify myself for the Bar. If my character made a gentleman of me, so much the better. Otherwise I should forgo the ambition.

These and similar thoughts possessed me, and I expressed them in a letter which I addressed to my elocution teacher, requesting him to excuse me from further lessons. I had taken only two or three. I wrote a similar letter to the dancing teacher, and went personally to the violin teacher with a request to dispose of the violin for any price it might fetch. She was friendly to me, so I told her how I had discovered that I was pursuing a false ideal. She encouraged me in the determination to make a complete change.

This infatuation must have lasted about three months. The punctiliousness in dress persisted for years. But henceforward I became a student. J. ex. jng.

NOTES

§1

Southampton: the port on the south coast of England, at which ships from India used to arrive. white flannels: usually worn only for summer games such as cricket, tennis, and for boating. But even in summer nobody wears white clothes in England except for games. the last days of September: the English summer ends in September. agent: a person or firm employed to do work for someone else (in this case to send Gandhiji's baggage from the ship to the hotel). kit: equipment, outfit, the baggage he had

brought with him. notes of introduction: letters from friends in India to their friends in London telling them why Gandhiji had come to England and asking them to help him. embarrassment: feeling of awkwardness. exasperated: irritated, angry. casually: by chance. top-hat: cylindrical shiny black hat, formerly worn by Europeans with formal dress. The surface is made of thin threads of silk, like an animal's fur. If you brush it the wrong way, it becomes uneven, just as your hair does if you brush it the wrong way. The hat is spoiled if you brush its 'fur' the wrong way. etiquette (pronounced 'etty-ket'): behaviour which is according to the customs of the place. initiated (pronounced 'in-ishy-ated'): introduced. subordinates: those inferior in rank. deferred: postponed.

§2

trying: difficult to endure. relish: get pleasure out of. persistent: things persisted (to eat). haunted: was continually present with me. cut of the question: impossible. soothe: comfort. novice (pronounced 'nov-iss'): beginner. the vegetarian vow: he had solemnly promised his mother that he would not eat meat. One who eats only vegetable food is called a 'vegetarian'. The opposite is 'non-vegetarian'. insipid: without flavour. between Scylla and Charybdis (pronounced 'Sil-la' and 'Karibdis'): this is a metaphor taken from the story of Ulysses, whose ship passed between the mainland of Italy and the island of Sicily. It is said that there used to be on the one shore a terrible monster called Scylla who, after seizing any ship which came near, ate the passengers; while, near the other shore, there was a huge whirlpool, called Charybdis. It was very difficult to get between the two. Thus, to be 'between Scylla and Charybdis' means to be faced by alternatives, both of which are unpleasant or dangerous. the inner voice: the voice of conscience, which Mahatma Gandhi always very strictly followed because he believed that it is this that guides a man towards finding Truth.

§3

appointment: fittings, outfit, furnishings. apprenticeship with— an apprentice is one who binds himself to learn a trade or craft. Dr Mehta wanted to take young Gandhi to live with an English family to learn English customs. The name of the English friend is not given, so a dash is printed instead. condiments: substances

used for giving flavour to food, e.g. chillies, pepper, etc. at a loss: puzzled, in difficulty. porridge: crushed oats (a grain which grows in cold countries) boiled in milk or water. eternal negative: always answering 'No!' uncompromising: unyielding, unwilling to agree. Bentham's 'Theory of Utility': Jeremy Bentham was an English philosopher of the 18th century. He based his ideas of right and wrong on the principle of 'utility' (usefulness); that is, he considered a thing to be 'right' for a particular person if it tended to produce pleasure, good or happiness, or to prevent pain, evil or unhappiness for that person; while, for the nation as a whole, that which is 'right' is *the greatest happiness of the greatest number*. Mahatmaji's friend, of course, wanted to prove to him that there was nothing wrong in his eating meat in a cold climate if his health was benefited thereby. But for Mahatmaji the only 'right' was to keep his vow; he did not care whether meat-eating was useful or not for health. expound: explain. abstruse: hard to understand. abstain from: keep away from.

§4

affecting: pretending to be, imitating. persisted: remained steady. aloofness: remaining aloof or away from others. the all too impossible task: the altogether impossible task. It was impossible because a man cannot adopt, all of a sudden, the manners and customs of a society in which he has not been brought up, and which is, therefore, unnatural to him. From this you can see that 'being a gentleman' is something much more than wearing the right clothes, speaking correctly, behaving properly. after the Bombay cut: according to the pattern in which the Bombay tailor had cut them. silk hat: another name for the 'top-hat' already referred to. Bond Street: famous, and very expensive, shopping centre of London. ready-made tie: ties which are tied in two loops (called a 'bow'—pronounced so as to rhyme with 'go') are sometimes sold already stitched into a bow. They are useful for people who are not skilled in tying bows, but are not worn by 'fashionable' people. automatically: moving of its own accord. the other civilized habit... society: this is 'irony'. He is poking fun at the young men (including himself, then) who are so particular about the smooth appearance of their hair that, even when they are 'sitting in polished society', their hand every now and then goes up to their head, to stroke the hair and make it lie down flat and smooth. This 'operation', he says, they think to be a very

'civilized habit'. He means, of course, that it is a very silly and useless thing to do. He mockingly calls it an 'operation' (important work). 'Polished' society means the society of people whose manners are very correct or shining like polished gems. It is a metaphor. *look the thing*: appear like the proper thing, i.e. as a fashionable English gentleman. *elocution*: the art of public speaking. *lingua franca*: language in which communication is most easy (that is, the most widespread language). *rhythmic*: regular, with regular intervals of time between the movements. *recluse*: hermit, one who lives a solitary life. *fable*: story dealing with impossible events, usually told in order to teach a lesson. *ambitions*: desires to obtain distinction. a *guinea*: £1-1-0. *Pitt*: the great Prime Minister, who was also a great orator. *rang the bell of alarm*: a pun on the word 'bell'. (A 'pun' is the use of the same word with more than one meaning, as a joke. Here the pun is on the word 'bell' used first as the name of the author of the book, and then as an alarm bell.) *When he began to read the book of Mr Bell (on Elocution)* ~~he began to realize~~ *how foolish he had been*, and this was like a *bell* to alarm him, wake him up, and restore him to his senses. *Bar*: a lawyer of superior qualifications who is allowed to plead before the 'bar' (originally a sort of enclosure in a High Court of Justice) is called a 'barrister-at-law'. To pass the examination and gain that title is to be 'called to the Bar'. *forgo*: give up. *ideal*: standard, or a mental picture of what one wants to achieve. *infatuation*: foolish desire. *punctiliousness*: being extremely particular about every small detail.

APPRECIATION

Mahatma Gandhi's style is a splendid example of prose used for stating facts clearly and forcefully. Whenever he uses figures of speech (for example, the pun on 'bell'), decorations (such as the fable of the recluse), or long words (such as 'infatuation'), you will find that he uses them in order to make his meaning more clear or more forceful, and never as a mere ornament. His style is one that is worth very careful study.

EXERCISES

1. Mention some of the things that should not be done, according to European etiquette.
2. What, in your opinion, are the most important qualities of a gentleman?

3. Make sentences of your own, showing the correct use of the following words: embarrassed; exasperated; novice; apprentice; aloof; automatic; ambitious; lingua franca.

4. Explain the meaning of: the inner voice; Bond Street; a pun; etiquette; irony; between Scylla and Charybdis.

5. Why did Dr Mehta want Gandhiji to live with an English family? What are the really useful things that one can learn by living in England?

6. Why did Gandhiji call his autobiography *The Story of my Experiments with Truth*? What experiments did he make?

2. THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

TRANSLATED BY F. J. CHURCH

After reading about Mahatma Gandhi it is very fitting that we should read about Socrates. For Socrates was perhaps the greatest *satyagrahi* that the world has ever known. The search for Truth and the defence of Truth when found, were the great objects of his life. He was put to death by the people of his own country because they felt that his teachings were too disturbing. He would never accept a thing because 'it has always been so', nor because 'everybody believes it'. He wanted to find out whether it was true and good; only when he felt sure of that, would he accept it. He did not try to stir people up by public speeches, but when they came to him (as many young men did) he asked them questions which made them think. So, after some time, the orthodox people of Athens accused him of 'corrupting the youth' and of 'teaching people to disbelieve in the gods', and after a public trial he was condemned to die. According to Greek custom at that time, he was made to drink poison. His death took place in 399 B.C., about 100 years after the time of Buddha in India. (This passage describes how he spent his last hours in the prison, with a group of his friends.)

§ 1. HOW TO BURY SOCRATES?

[KEY-QUESTION: *What was Crito's mistake in asking this question, and how did Socrates correct him?*]

'But how shall we bury you?' asked Crito.

'As you please,' he answered; 'only you must catch me first, and not let me escape you.' And then he looked at

Pattern

us with a smile, and said, (My friends, I cannot convince Crito that I am the Socrates who has been conversing with you. He thinks that I am the body which he will presently see a corpse; and he asks how he is to bury me) All the arguments which I have used to prove that I shall not remain with you, after I have drunk the poison, but that I shall go away to the happiness of the blessed, with which I tried to comfort you and myself, have been thrown away on him. Do you therefore be my sureties to him, as he was my surety at the trial, but in a different way. He was surety for me then that I would remain; but you must be sureties to him that I shall go away when I am dead, and not remain with you; then he will feel my death less, and when he sees my body being burnt or buried, he will not be grieved because he thinks that I am suffering dreadful things; and at my funeral he will not say that it is Socrates whom he is laying out, or bearing to the grave, or burying. For, dear Crito,' he continued, 'you must know that to use words wrongly is not only a fault in itself; it also creates evil in the soul. You must be of good cheer, and say that you are burying my body, and you must bury it as you please, and as you think right.'

With these words he rose and went into another room to bathe himself: Crito went with him and told us to wait. So we waited, talking of the argument, and discussing it and then again dwelling on the greatness of the calamity which had fallen upon us: it seemed as if we were going to lose a father, and to be orphans for the rest of our life. When he had bathed, and his children had been brought to him—he had two sons quite little, and one grown up—and the women of his family were come, he spoke with them in Crito's presence, and gave them his last commands; then he sent the women and children away, and returned to us. By that time it was near the hour of sun

annihilation C deal
in side the b.c.

set, for he had been a long while within. When he came back to us from the bath he sat down, but not much was said after that.

§ 2. SOCRATES GETS READY TO TAKE POISON

[KEY-QUESTION: *What qualities of Socrates are shown in this passage?*]

Presently the servant of the Eleven came and stood before him and said, 'I know that I shall not find you unreasonable like other men, Socrates. [They are angry] with me and curse me when I bid them drink the poison because the authorities make me do it. But I have found you all along the noblest and gentlest and best man that has ever come here; and now I am sure that you will not be angry with me, but with those who you know are to blame. And so farewell, and try to bear what must be as lightly as you can; you know why I have come.' With that he turned away weeping, and went out.

Socrates looked up at him, and replied, 'Farewell: I will do as you say.' Then he turned to us and said, 'How courteous the man is! And the whole time that I have been here, he has constantly come in to see me, and has been the best of men; and now, how generously he weeps for me! Come, Crito, let us obey him: let the poison be brought if it is ready; and if it is not ready, let it be prepared.'

Crito replied: 'Nay, Socrates, I think that the sun is still upon the hills: it has not set. Besides, I know that other men take the poison quite late, and eat and drink heartily, and even enjoy the company of their chosen friends, after the announcement has been made. So do not hurry; there is still time.'

Socrates replied: 'And those whom you speak of, Crito, naturally do so; for they think that they will be

gainers by so doing. And I naturally shall not do so; for I think that I should ^{except} gain ^{nothing} by drinking the poison a little later, but my own contempt for so greedily saving up a life which is already spent. So do not refuse to do as I say. *Ex. Pm*

§3. SOCRATES DRINKS THE POISON AND DIES

[KEY-QUESTION: *What qualities of Socrates are shown in this passage?*]

Then Crito made a sign to his slave who was standing by; and the slave went out, and after some delay returned with the man who was to give the poison, carrying it prepared in a cup. When Socrates saw him, he asked, *Ex. Pm* 'I understand these things, my good sir: what have I to do?'

'You have only to drink this,' he replied, 'and to walk about until your legs feel heavy, and then lie down; and it will act of itself.' With that he handed the cup to Socrates, who took it quite cheerfully, without trembling, and without any change of colour or of feature, and looked up at the man with that fixed ^{look} glance of his, and asked, 'What say you to making a libation from this draught? May I, or not?' *offering (देवताओं को पदार्थ देने का क्रिया)*

'We only prepare so much as we think sufficient, Socrates,' he answered.

'I understand,' said Socrates. *Ex. Pm* But I suppose that I may, and must, pray to the gods that my journey hence may be prosperous; that is my prayer; be it so.' *Ex. Pm*

With these words he put the cup to his lips and drank the poison quite calmly and cheerfully.

Till then most of us had been able to control our grief fairly well; but when we saw him drinking, and then the poison finished, we could do so no longer: my tears came fast in spite of myself, and I covered my face and wept.

for myself: it was not for him, but at my own misfortune in losing such a friend. Even before that Crito had been unable to restrain his tears, and had gone away; and Apollodorus, who had never once ceased weeping the whole time, burst into a loud cry, and made us one and all break down by his sobbing and grief, except only Socrates himself.

‘What are you doing, my friends?’ he exclaimed. ‘I sent away the women chiefly in order that they might not offend in this way; for I have heard that a man should die in silence. So calm yourselves and bear up.’

When we heard that, we were ashamed and we ceased from weeping. But he walked about, until he said that his legs were getting heavy, and then he lay down on his back as he was told. And the man who gave the poison began to examine his feet and legs from time to time; then he pressed his foot hard, and asked if there was any feeling in it; and Socrates said, ‘No’: and then his legs, and so higher and higher, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And Socrates felt himself, and said that when it came to his heart, he should be gone. He was already growing cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, which had been covered, and spoke for the last time.

‘Crito,’ he said, ‘I owe a cock to Asclepius; do not forget to pay it.’

‘It shall be done,’ replied Crito. ‘Is there anything else that you wish?’

He made no answer to this question; but after a short interval there was a movement, and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were fixed. Then Crito closed his mouth and his eyes.

Such was the end of our friend, a man, I think, who was the wisest and justest, and the best man that I have ever known.

NOTES

§1

Socrates: pronounced *Sok-rateez*. **Athens:** now the capital of Greece. only you must catch me first: Socrates says this jokingly, and explains the joke in the following paragraph. **convince:** make one feel certain. **conversing:** talking. **corpse:** dead body. All the arguments . . . on him: the main verb of this sentence is 'have been thrown away'. Socrates means: 'My arguments have been wasted (because Crito still thinks that I am going to die, not my body only).' When Socrates said at the beginning, 'you must catch me', he meant: 'Only my body will die; my soul will go away to heaven; so you will not be able to catch *me* and bury *me*, but you will only be able to bury my body.' He wanted his friends to understand that the soul does not die with the body. **sureties:** a surety is a person who guarantees the conduct of another. In a court of law a person who 'stands surety' for another person has to promise that if that person does not act in the manner required (for example by paying a fine, or attending the court on a certain day) the person who stands surety will have to pay the fine or whatever penalty is fixed. When Socrates was on trial, his friend Crito had stood surety for him, i.e. promised that Socrates would not try to run away from Athens. Now Socrates tells his other friends that they should stand surety for him in another way, that is, they should *make Crito sure* that he (Socrates) will not die, but only his body will die. to use words wrongly . . . creates evil in the soul: this is exactly like the teaching of Mahatma Gandhi. The careless use of words (as when we exaggerate or slightly twist the truth) leads to a habit of inaccuracy and then to carelessness of Truth itself. **calamity:** disaster. **orphans:** children who have lost one or both of their parents.

§2

the Eleven: the Council which was ruling Athens. **courteous:** well-mannered, polite. **the sun is still upon the hills:** the law was that the condemned man must die before the day had ended. **the announcement:** the announcement by the servant of the Eleven that it was time to take the poison. I should gain nothing . . . but my own contempt: other condemned men postpone drinking the poison till as late as possible, in order to gain a few extra hours of life: if I were to do that (says Socrates) I should not gain anything

worth having, but I should despise myself for being so weak. When a man does not fear death, what difference does it make to him whether he dies a few hours earlier or later?

§3

the poison: it was the juice of a plant called 'hemlock'. It caused a painless death. The Greeks usually got rid of their political criminals in this way, by compelling them to commit suicide. change of colour or of feature: at such a moment most people would show some sign of fear or hesitation. Socrates did not. that fixed glance: looking straight into the eyes of the person he spoke to. a libation: it was the custom, when drinking on formal occasions, to pour out a small portion of the liquid as an offering to the gods. 'Libation' means a formal offering of liquid to superiors. so much as we think sufficient: the amount of poison was only just enough to cause death; if some had been used for the 'libation', the remainder might not have been enough to kill Socrates. wept for myself: Socrates did not mind dying; the loss was his friends'. groin: where the legs join the trunk of the body. I owe a cock to Asclepius: the Greeks used to make vows to their gods in very much the same ways as the Hindus do. Asclepius was the Greek god of Health or the science of healing. So when a man was ill he often made a vow to Asclepius that he would offer something if he recovered. Socrates must have done so on some previous occasion, and he remembered this when, at his last moment, he was thinking whether he had performed all his duties.

APPRECIATION

This passage is from the translation of a book by the great philosopher of Ancient Greece, Plato. Plato was one of the pupils and friends of Socrates, and the way in which he writes about the death of his friend makes you feel how greatly he loved and respected him. It is a splendid example of how to use simple, straightforward prose in a dignified manner, in dealing with a solemn subject.

EXERCISES

1. Make a list of the different qualities of the character of Socrates which are shown in this passage; against each of them write the incidents or remarks which show them.

2. (a) There is a well-known saying: 'No man is a hero to his

own valet.' It means that our servants know our weak points, and therefore they are not likely to admire us as much as people who know us less. Imagine a debate on this subject, and write down the arguments 'pro' and 'con'. Make use of the example of the servant's opinion of Socrates. (b) What can be known of a man's character from the opinion that his servants have about him?

3. Write down the opposite of: courteous; gain; sufficient; and make adverbs from the first and the last of these words.

4. Make a complete analysis of this sentence: 'Try to bear what must be as lightly as you can.'

5. Write in the form of indirect speech the paragraph beginning 'Socrates looked up at him, and replied ...' and ending '... let it be prepared.'

6. What would you have done to Socrates if you had been a citizen of Athens when he was living? Mention reasons for the answer you give. (It will help you in answering this if you imagine a similar man living in a town of orthodox people in India today. You can also imagine the differences between our times and those of Socrates.)

3. CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION

CHARLES TURLEY

(Captain Scott was a famous explorer of the South Polar continent. After making several expeditions to collect scientific information, he set out in 1910 to reach the South Pole. Almost at the same time a Norwegian explorer, Amundsen, started for the same goal from another direction.) On 18 January 1912, Scott succeeded in reaching the Pole, only to find that Amundsen had been there a few weeks before him. (Scott and his party then set out on their return journey. They met with fearful storms and most of them fell sick, so their progress became very slow.) The distance from the Pole to their base camp was about 900 miles, and they had lost all their ponies and dogs on the outward journey; so they had to travel the whole distance on foot, dragging their provisions, tents, and scientific instruments with them, on sledges. On the outward journey they had left stocks of provisions, buried under the snow, at intervals of a few days' journey. Enduring the most terrible sufferings from sickness, cold and hunger, these brave men struggled back. (They managed to cover nearly 800 miles, but

when they were only eleven miles from one of their stores of provisions, they could go no farther.) We read here how (they met their death.)

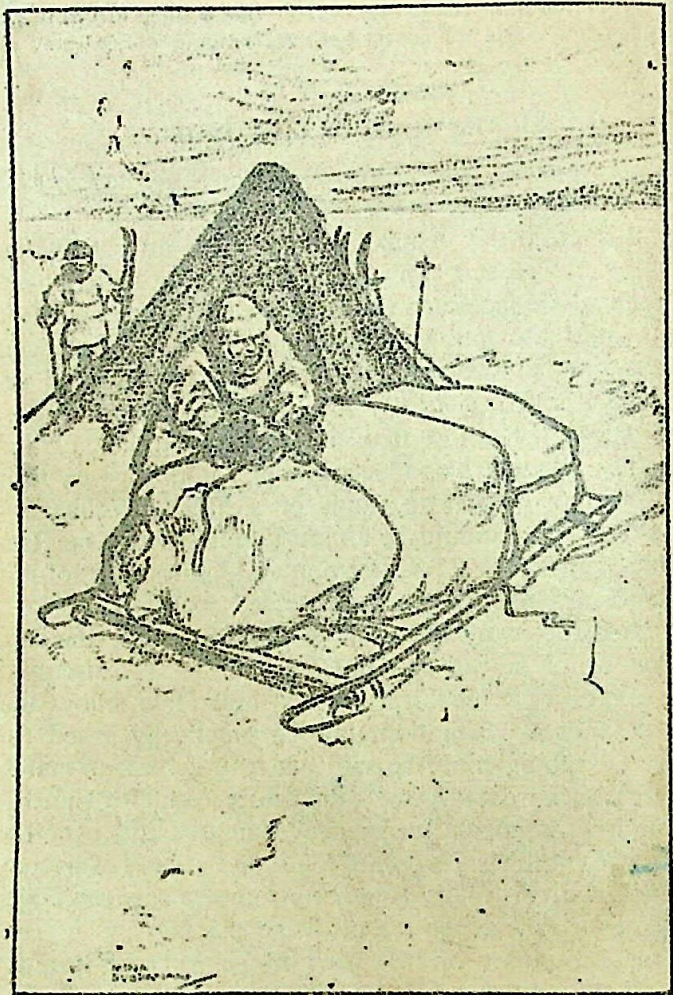
§1. THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN OATES

[KEY-QUESTION : *How did Captain Oates die, and why did he deliberately go out to die in that way?*]

ON this same day a blizzard met them after they had marched for half an hour, and Scott, seeing that not one of them could face such weather, pitched camp and stayed there until the following morning. (Then they struggled on again with the sky so overcast that they could see nothing and consequently lost the tracks. [At the most they gained little more than six miles during the day, and this they knew was as much as they could hope to do, if they got no help from winds or surfaces].) We have 7 days' food and should be about 55 miles from One Ton Camp tonight, $6 \times 7 = 42$, leaving us 13 miles short of our distance, even if things get no worse.

Oates, too, was, Scott felt, getting very near the end. 'What we or he will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could. (One satisfactory result to the discussion; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that any of us may know how to do so.) Wilson had no choice between doing so and our ransacking the medicine case.'

Thus Scott wrote on the 11th, and the next days brought more and more misfortunes with them. A strong northerly wind stopped them altogether on the 13th, and although on the following morning they started with a favourable breeze, it soon shifted and blew through their wind-clothes and their mits. 'Poor Wilson horribly cold,



An Antarctic Explorers' camp

could not get off ski for some time. Bowers and I practically made camp, and when we got into the tent at last we were all deadly cold. [We must go on, but now the making of every camp must be more difficult and dangerous. It must be near the end, but a pretty merciful end... I shudder to think what it will be like tomorrow.] Up to this time, incredible as it seems, Scott had only once spared himself the agony of writing in his journal, so nothing could be more pathetic and significant than the fact that at last he was unable any longer to keep a daily record of this magnificent journey.

Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17. Lost track of dates, but think the last correct, his next entry begins, but then under the most unendurable conditions he went on to pay a last and imperishable tribute to his dead companion.

Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come. Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope till the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning—yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

^{extra}
'I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death.

We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.
अपना निश्चय

§2. THE END

[KEY-QUESTION : *Why was Scott's party unable to reach the camp? How was his diary found?*]

'March 29—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had ^{fuel} to make two cups of tea apiece and ^{simple} bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our ^{store} depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of ^{course} course, and the end cannot be far.

'It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott'

...Last entry. ^{Termination}

'For God's sake look after our people.'

After Cherry-Garrard and Demetri had returned to Hut Point on March 16 without having seen any signs of the Polar party, Atkinson and Keohane made one more desperate effort to find them. When, however, this had been unsuccessful there was nothing more to be done until the winter was over.

P.C. S.N. 1

During this long and anxious time the leadership of the party devolved upon Atkinson, who under the most trying circumstances showed qualities that are beyond all praise. At the earliest possible moment (October 30) a large party started south. 'On the night of the 11th and morning of the 12th,' Atkinson says, 'after we had marched 11 miles due south of One Ton, we found the tent. It was an object partially snowed up and looking like a cairn. Before it were the ski sticks and in front of them a bamboo which probably was the mast of the sledge...

'Inside the tent were the bodies of Captain Scott, Doctor Wilson, and Lieutenant Bowers. They had pitched their tent well, and it had withstood all the blizzards of an exceptionally hard winter.'

Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them.

Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping-bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulder and his arm flung across Wilson.

जैमिनी (Lying) की दृष्टि से.

NOTES

§1

blizzard: a terrific snowstorm, in which the snow is blown into one's face so that one is almost blinded. **overcast:** covered with dark clouds. **surfaces:** the Antarctic plateau is covered with a huge sheet of ice more than a thousand feet thick, not smooth but full of huge cracks and rough hillocks over which it is terribly difficult to walk and still more difficult to pull a heavily loaded sledge. The plateau is nearly 10,000 feet high in some parts, and the cold is unbearable, particularly if there is a strong wind, and snow falling. $6 \times 7 = 42$, leaving us 13 miles short: wherever you see quotation marks in this passage, it means that it is an extract

from Captain Scott's own diary, which was found beside him after his death. Here he has calculated whether their food supply will last them as far as the next camp ('One Ton Camp') where they had kept a store of food. If they travel only six miles per day, and have food for seven days, they will be able to go 42 miles; but the next camp was 55 miles away. understands the situation: the situation was that, because Captain Oates was so ill, they were forced to go much more slowly; if they had left Oates behind, to die, they could have gone more quickly and the food would have lasted to the next camp. Oates knew this and, later on, he actually asked them to leave him behind and save themselves. But they refused to do that; instead, they encouraged him to come on, as long as he could manage to walk. ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles: that is, to give them drugs with which they could kill themselves. Wilson was the doctor. ransacking: taking by force. wind-clothes and their mits: thick clothing to keep out the cold wind, and warm coverings for the hands. ski: long narrow pieces of wood fixed on to the bottom of the boots, to prevent the traveller from sinking into the snow. (See picture on p. 20 showing sledge, ski, tent and explorers in wind-clothes and mits, etc.) We must go on: the only hope for them was to go on and reach the next camp somehow. It was already the end of the antarctic summer and they could not possibly survive the winter. a pretty merciful end: a death which would not be too painful. The intense cold produces a sleep from which one never awakes. shudder: tremble. incredible: unbelievable. the agony of writing: because it was necessary to uncover his hand in order to write. pathetic: causing one to feel pity. significant: making one feel sure (that his strength was almost exhausted). Lost track of dates: a short way of writing 'I have not been able to keep an exact record of the date but I think that the last date mentioned (March 17) is correct'. imperishable: lasting, which cannot die or be forgotten. tribute: mark of admiration or respect. Tragedy all along the line: disaster at every point. sleeping-bag: thick blankets sewn up to form a bag, and lined with fur (animal's woolly skin). Travellers and explorers in very cold regions or very high mountains sleep like this to keep the cold wind out. induced: persuaded. Should this be found: if this (diary) is ever found. Scott was not sure whether their dead bodies would ever be discovered. his regiment: he was an army officer. testify: bear witness, give evidence. intense suffering: Oates was suffering from severely frost-bitten feet, and could only move with great pain. Frost-bite means

that the limbs are frozen and the blood circulation stopped, so that the parts gradually rot and the body gets poisoned little by little unless the injured portion is cut off. 'I am just going outside and may be some time': he knew he would never ~~come~~ ^{get} back. He went out to die, in order that the others might have a better chance of reaching the next camp. They could have done so if the storm had not continued. Edgar Evans . . . Providence . . . removed him: another member of the party who had died earlier on the journey. He had a serious fall on the rough ice; this delayed them. They would have been even more delayed if he had not died (Providence mercifully removed him').

§2

gale: storm of wind. apiece: for each. bare food for two days on the 20th: the diary was written on the 29th, so they had had no food for a week. A human body cannot survive long without food in the intense cold. depot (pronounced 'dep-oh'): station where stores are kept. whirling drift: snow being driven round and round by the wind. For God's sake look after our people: he means their families whom they had left in England. Cherry-Garrard and Demetri . . . Atkinson and Keohane: the other members of the expedition who had not been included in the small party which tried to reach the Pole. A large party could not go, because of the difficulty of carrying enough food, tents, etc. until the winter was over: if a rescue party had attempted to go in winter, they also would have certainly died. And they knew that there was no hope of Scott's party remaining alive when once the winter started. devolved upon: descended to, passed on to. snowed up: covered with snow. cairn: ~~pile of~~ ^{pile} stones. They had pitched their tent well: in spite of their weakness and the terrible weather, they had done their work thoroughly to the very end. flaps of his sleeping-bag: the part of the sleeping-bag which can be opened to enable the traveller to get inside. wallet: leather case.

APPRECIATION

In this passage the writer only tells us the plain facts; but those facts are so sad that they arouse our pity and admiration for the brave men who risked their lives to gain scientific knowledge and fame. When you have something to tell, which you feel deeply, you are much more likely to tell it well if you speak simply, than if you try to use big words.

EXERCISES

1. Write a short account of Scott's expedition, and the difficulties it had to face, and the fate it met with.

2. Suppose yourself to have been in the place of Captain Oates. Write a letter to your mother, telling her about the desperate situation in which you find yourself, and why you have decided to end your life by walking out of the tent into the blizzard.

3. Write down what you can imagine to have been the thoughts of Captain Scott when he reached the South Pole and found that Amundsen had arrived there before him.

GROUP II: STORIES AND DRAMA

1. A TALE OF OLD SIND

C. A. KINCAID (ADAPTED)

Legends about great religious or national heroes, like the Pandava brothers of India, or Hercules of Greece, soon become known to people all over the country. Mothers tell those stories to their children, and poets make songs about them, which are sung in many villages. But there are also stories about heroes not so widely known, the heroes of a particular province, a particular community, or a particular place. In almost every district you can find such stories, either about some remarkable man or woman who has lived there, or in explanation of how a curiously-shaped hill or rock came to be there, or about the origin of a cave or a spring of water. It is often very difficult to know how much of those stories is true, and how much the story-tellers have invented to make their story more exciting. Here is a story still being told in many a Sind village. Some of the events might easily have happened in those olden days; but I think the poet invented the end of the story, to make it less sad.

§1. THE BRAHMAN'S DAUGHTER

[KEY-QUESTION: *Who was Saswi and how did she come to be adopted by a washerman?*]

ONCE upon a time one of the governors of Sind was a rich Brahman called Naun. The Brahman had vast wealth and great stores of jewels, but he had neither son nor daughter. Although he spent thousands of rupees on pilgrimages, he and his wife remained childless and unhappy. One day his wife came to hear of an old astrologer who was said to be very clever. [She said to her husband, 'Life without children is like a starless night; let us go and consult this astrologer, for they say he is wise above all men.' Naun after some hesitation

consented, and with a great store of gold he and his wife set out for the place where the astrologer lived.

When the sage saw the Brahman and his wife coming, he rose and greeted them courteously and led them to his hut. Then he asked them what they wanted. The Brahman fell at his feet with folded hands and cried, 'Reverend Sir, pray for us to the Almighty that He may give us a child, for our lives are lonely and bitter without one.' The sage thought for a moment, then took his dice box and cast the dice. After noting the numbers, he brought out his magic mirror. He looked into it and said, 'The Almighty will give you a daughter, and she will wed a Mussulman husband.' Tears came into the eyes of the old Brahman and he begged the sage to alter his daughter's fate; but the astrologer shook his head, saying he could do nothing for him. 'What God has written, He has written,' he murmured, and dismissed him.

In due course the Brahman's wife bore her lord a child. He asked the midwife its sex, for he had always hoped that it might be a son and so prove the astrologer wrong. 'The baby is a girl,' replied the midwife. The Brahman's heart sank within him, for he saw that the sage's prophecy was coming true. 'I shall not keep the accursed brat in my house,' he said angrily: 'bring me a stone that I may batter it to pieces, or else let me throw it into the fire.' The Brahman's wife agreed that they should get rid of the child, but she would not consent to its death. 'Put it in a box,' she said, 'and let it float down the In. Someone may see the child and care for it.'

The Brahman got a box and inside it he put the sleeping baby. With the baby he put a bag of gold and jewels and padlocked the lid. Then he carried the box to the river-bank and threw it into the water. The current caught it and took it downstream until it reached Bhambl town. There a washerman, Mohammed by name, sa

as it floated by near the bank. He waded into the water, pulled the box ashore, forced open the lock, and inside saw a lovely little baby girl. He lifted her out and then saw the bag of gold and jewels. Full of joy, he took his double treasure home. His wife, who had no children, was very happy, and she and her husband adopted the foundling as their own. They called all their neighbours and friends to see the baby girl. Then they gave her the name of Saswi.

As the years passed, the beautiful babe grew into a still more beautiful girl, and men would neglect their business and wait in the lanes near the washerman's house just to catch a glimpse of her lovely face. With the bag of gold and jewels found in the box, the washerman bought the girl clothes and ornaments and a fine house with a rose-garden round it. There Saswi would invite her girl-friends and with them she passed the time in weaving, in walking among the rose-beds, and in chatting.

§2. THE PRINCE OF BALUCHISTAN

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did Prince Punho obtain information about Saswi, and how did he get his father's permission to go to Bhambhora?*]

Now at this time there lived a famous Baluch warrior, named Jam Ari, who was ruler of Kohistan. He had five sons, Chuno, Punho, Hoto, Nakro and Noto. All were brave, handsome men, but by far the bravest and handsomest was the second son, Punho. Far and wide the Baluch chief levied dues from the caravans; far and wide, too, his sons raided the lands of those who defied him.

Unhappily the fame of Saswi's beauty reached that distant land and Punho heard of it. One day a clever merchant, by name Babyo, came to Kohistan. He

gained the friendship of Jam Ari who was so pleased with him that he remitted the dues on his goods. In a few days Babyo had sold all the goods that he had brought, and had bought articles to sell elsewhere. He asked Jam Ari to grant him leave to go, saying that he wished to sell his new goods in Bhambhora. Jam Ari reluctantly gave him a leave to go. But when he went to say goodbye to Punho, the young prince whispered in his ear, 'Find Saswi in Bhambhora, and send me a secret message to tell me whether she is as beautiful as men say.'

The merchant nodded assent and went towards his camels. The camel-men tightened the girths, jerked the nose-strings and the caravan started. In front walked the seasoned camels. Behind them went the younger ones. In this manner the caravan travelled day after day until they reached Bhambhora. There Babyo took a lodging and displayed his goods, until the fame of his merchandise and of his beautiful face—for he was very handsome—spread all over the town. Young and old, men and women, flocked to his lodging.

A day or two later Babyo went near the house where Saswi lived. She and her girl-companions were playing together when by chance she saw Babyo passing in the street. She begged her girl-friend Saki to ask the merchant to come upstairs. Saki ran into the street and gave him Saswi's message. Taking with him some beautiful things, Babyo went with Saki into Saswi's house. As he was showing his goods to Saswi, he looked at her, wonder-struck by her beauty. [He thought to himself, 'Washer-girl though she be, she is worthy of Punho. Her beauty makes her a fitting bride even for a prince.'

(Then he said softly, 'Listen, fair maiden. I know one, Punho by name, who is truly worthy of you. He is a prince of Kohistan, and he is brave and generous. He has horses and camels and stores of gold

and silver, and soldiers and door-keepers and clerks. I too am in his service. (I have not spoken of his beauty, for it is beyond my words to describe.) Wait until you see him, and then only can you judge how fair he is. May God grant that you may meet him some day.

The merchant's words made Saswi very anxious to see the man of whom he spoke. Softly she replied, 'Go, Sir Merchant, go and bring him here, this beautiful youth, for I long to see him!' Babyo took leave of the lovely girl and, going home, sent for a letter-writer. When the letter-writer came, he ordered him to write two letters. The first was to Punho. It said, 'I have seen Saswi. She is only a washerman's daughter, but God has given her perfect beauty.' Come with all speed in a merchant's dress, and bring with you a load of costly gifts. In the second letter was written, 'Come quickly to help me. The men of Bhambhora have cruelly seized and imprisoned me, saying that I owe them customs dues. Come, Prince Punho, for only you can save me.' These two letters he gave to a messenger who on a swift camel soon reached Punho's country.

To Punho the messenger explained that the first letter was for Punho alone, but the second must be shown to Punho's father. The prince read the first letter and his eyes shone when he read about Saswi's beauty. Then he took the second letter to Jam Ari, and read it to him. The king was very angry when he heard that his friend, the merchant Babyo, had been badly treated. 'Go, Punho,' he cried, 'go immediately. Kill his enemies and free him.'

Punho ordered the messenger to go back to Bhambhora and to tell Babyo that he would come with all speed. Then he packed costly clothes and jewels and other gifts in strong boxes and fastened them secretly on his camels. His camel-saddles and saddle-cloths were bright with

gold and silver; bead necklaces and strings of bells hung round the camels' necks. The prince and his men dressed themselves in embroidered coats; they wound round their heads long brightly-coloured turbans; they wore over their shoulders white scarfs heavy with gold and silver lace.

When Punho's party was ready, Jam Ari came to say goodbye, bringing with him Punho's brother, Chur. 'Take him with you,' said the king; 'you may need him, and he will always be ready to serve you. But come back as soon as you can; for you, Punho, are my favourite son. Come back in triumph with drums playing in front of you.' Punho said goodbye to his father and mother, and he and his men started.

§3. THE MARRIAGE OF SASWI AND PUNHO

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did Mohammed test Punho and how did he pass the test?*]

As they came close to the town, Punho sent for Babyo who pointed out to him a camping-ground south of the city. There the two princes made the camel-men unload their camels, pitch the tents, spread the carpets and in all ways prepare a camp. They unpacked their merchandise and displayed it as if they were merchants.

The news spread that a great trader had come to Bhambhora and it soon came to Saswi's ears. 'This must be Prince Punho,' she said to herself. She called together her girl-companions and, wearing their best clothes and jewels, they went to the camping-ground. They were all about the same age, but the loveliest by far was Saswi.

The jingling of the girls' anklets warned Punho's doorkeepers that strangers were coming, and after getting the prince's permission they opened the tent-doors for the girls to enter. Inside the tents were spread all Punho's treasures, and Saswi's companions began eagerly to look

at them. But once Punho's and Saswi's eyes met, they had no thoughts for anything else than each other. And when the other girls had finished seeing the merchandise and wished to return home poor Saswi felt very unwilling to go. Sadly she left the tent to follow her companions; and when she reached her house she called Saki and said, 'Bring Punho to me or I shall die.' Saki tried to soothe her, but she could not rest until Saki promised to see Saswi's parents next day and obtain their consent to her marriage with the strange merchant.

[Next day Saki went to Saswi's mother and said, 'Lady, a trader has come to Bhambhora from a far country. Offer him your daughter in marriage, for a handsomer or richer husband you will never find.']

'But of what caste is he?' asked the washerwoman, surprised.

Just then Mohammed came and his wife told him what Saki had said. As they were talking together, Babyo walked past in the street below. ['There goes the merchant's clerk,' said Saki; 'send for him and ask him what the merchant's caste is.'] Mohammed did so.

Babyo, guessing why the question had been asked, answered, 'My master has often told me that he was at one time a washerman, but he had to flee from his country and so became a trader.'

Mohammed then asked Babyo to invite Punho to his house. Babyo did so. Punho gladly accepted the invitation. When he and Babyo came, Mohammed, to test the prince, said, 'You are, so they tell me, a washerman by caste; pray help me to wash some clothes.' Saying this, Mohammed gave the prince some soap and a bundle of silk clothes.

(Babyo had told the prince that if he wished to marry Saswi he must pretend to be a washerman; so he took the clothes, although he had no idea how to wash them.)

As he was carrying them away, his brother Chuno met him and said angrily, 'Is it true what I hear? Are you going to disgrace us by marrying a washer-girl?' Punho answered him, 'Brother, there is no disgrace in marrying the person one loves.'

Leaving Chuno silent, he went to the river-bank. There he tried to wash the clothes, but, alas! he tore them into shreds. As he was looking sadly at the heap of rags, Saswi came near him and whispered, 'Do not despair, my prince; put a gold piece in the pocket of each dress and there will be no complaints.' This Punho did, and taking the clothes back to their owners he told them to look in the pockets. They did so, and as their fingers touched the gold their anger died within them.]

When Mohammed learnt that Punho had washed and returned the clothes and that none of the owners complained of the washing, he was satisfied that the merchant was really a washerman. He agreed to the marriage and, after preparing a mighty feast, he wedded together Punho and Saswi.]

§4. THE END OF THE LOVERS

[KEY-QUESTION: *How were the lovers separated and how were they joined again?*]

But Prince Chuno would take no part in the wedding celebrations; with a heavy heart he returned with his men to Jam Ari's country and told how Punho had been snared by Saswi's beauty. The Jam's face grew black with grief and anger. He ordered Chuno and Hoto and Noto to go forth and bring back Punho.

The three princes rode to Bhambhora, and, with soft words on their lips but with hearts full of guile, they greeted Punho and Saswi as their brother and sister. Neither Punho nor his bride suspected evil. Chuno told them that Jam

agreed

Ari had consented to the marriage, and in their joy they ^{feasted} the brothers for several days. Then, one night, Chuno put a drug in the wine that Punho and Saswi were drinking, and, at midnight, when both were fast asleep, they carried Punho away. Placing him helplessly on a camel's back, they rode away with all speed to Kohistan.

When Saswi awoke next morning and found herself alone, her cries roused all the neighbours. She told them her story and vowed that she would follow Punho on foot, until she either found him or fell by the wayside.

Saswi set out on foot, following the track of the prince's camels until it was too dark to see. At last she came to a goat-herd's hut. Approaching it, she asked the goat-herd whether he had seen a caravan go by. (But the goat-herd, as he looked at Saswi, was overcome by her beauty, and instead of answering her he seized her and tried to drag her inside his hut. Saswi first called to Punho for help, but no answer came. Then she prayed aloud, 'O, Merciful Allah! Open the earth beneath my feet and save me from this wicked man.' As she prayed, the earth trembled and a great crack opened in front of Saswi. She jumped into it, freeing herself from the goat-herd's grasp. Then the crack closed again, but the end of Saswi's hair remained sticking out of the ground. The goat-herd fled to his hut and hid himself in terror.

At noon Punho awoke from his drugged sleep and found himself lying on a camel's back. He asked Chuno how he came there. When his elder brother told him that at Jam Ari's order they were taking him back to Kohistan, the prince sprang from the camel to the ground. Chuno and his brothers stopped their camels and tried to hold Punho, but he drew his sword and fought so fiercely that they had to let him go.

Distracted, he rushed back towards Bhambhora until he came to the spot where Saswi had vanished. Close

by, he saw the goat-herd who was returning from his hut. The prince asked him whether he had seen a fair woman pass that way. The goat-herd told him that a woman had come there only a short time before, and that suddenly the earth had swallowed her up. In proof of this he pointed to the end of Saswi's sari sticking out of the ground. The prince at once recognized it. Then he prayed to Allah that the earth might swallow him also. Allah had pity on the unhappy youth. The earth opened at his feet. In the yawning pit he saw Saswi lying. Her voice called to him from the depths. He sprang into the chasm, and the earth closing over their heads joined in death the prince and the washer-girl.

NOTES

§1

sage: wise man. dice: little squares of wood or ivory, on the sides of which are marked numbers. They are used for gambling and other games of chance. Some people believe that the future can be foretold by means of them. The sage in our story used them, and also a magic mirror, and astrology, to predict the future of Saswi. murmured: said softly. midwife: woman who assists at the birth of a child. heart sank within him: felt very discouraged or afraid. brat: child (spoken of in abuse or contempt). batter: crush, smash. double treasure: the child and the money. adopted: accepted as their own child. foundling: a child who has been deserted by its parents. lanes: small streets. catch a glimpse: see for a short time.

§2

Baluch: belonging to Baluchistan, the region west of Sind. levied dues from the caravans: forced the merchants to pay taxes on goods they carried through his country. raided: robbed. defied: refused to obey. remitted: excused. assent: willingness, agreement. girths: the bands round the middle of animals' bodies which hold the saddle. jerked: pulled sharply. seasoned: made good for use, through time or experience. displayed: made a show of.

merchandise: what a merchant sells. **fitting:** suitable. **wound:** past tense of 'wind' = twist or turn round ; rhymes with 'round'. Not to be confused with 'wound' meaning 'hurt', which is pronounced 'woond'. **scarfs:** strips of thin cloth worn round the neck or shoulders.

§3

jingling: the noise of small pieces of metal striking together. **soothe:** give comfort or relief from pain. **shreds:** torn strips, or small pieces. **despair:** cease to hope.

§4

snared: caught in a snare or trap. **guile:** deceit, trickery. **drug:** substance used as medicine to stop pain or to cause sleep. **vowed:** made a solemn promise. **Distracted:** driven mad (by sorrow or anger). **yawning:** opening widely. **chasm:** deep opening.

APPRECIATION

Stories of this kind were first recited or sung to a group of listeners, by a poet or musician, in the language of the country. The songs were learned by heart and not written. Nowadays we write down most of our stories, so there is less chance of the story being changed. The writer of this story was a member of the Indian Civil Service, who was very fond of hearing such stories, from the villagers.

EXERCISES

1. Write down the conversation which might have taken place between the Brahman and his wife, when the Brahman wanted to kill the child.

2. Invent a different ending to this story. Suppose that Saswi, instead of meeting the goat-herd, met the sage, and he told her whose daughter she really was. What would happen then? Try to tell the remainder of the story in the same style as our author's, in simple words, and giving the words spoken by the various characters in direct speech.

3. Do you think it is a good thing, or a bad thing, for people to allow their actions to be guided by the prophecies of astrologers or others who claim to be able to foretell the future? Give reasons for the opinion you hold.

4. Write down the words which have opposite meanings to the following:—fourteous; starless; to fold; bitter; assent; to tighten; seasoned; to defy; asleep.

5. Write down single words which have the same meaning as the following groups of words: one who has neither son nor daughter; one whose father and mother are both dead; one whose parents have deserted him (or her); one who succeeds to the property of his father or other relatives; one who spends recklessly.

2. ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCCHAUSEN

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

(Munchausen (pronounced Moonk-how-zen) was a German nobleman who served as an officer in the Russian army and fought against the Turks in the 18th century. After his retirement he used to amuse himself and his friends by telling them about the extraordinary adventures which he said he had had.) The stories became famous for their absurd and amusing exaggerations,¹ and were translated into English by a man who heard them from Munchausen himself.

§1. THE BARON'S NARROW ESCAPE IN CEYLON

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did the Baron escape the lion and the crocodile?*]

WHEN I was a young man, I told my parents of my desire to see the world. At first they refused to let me go, but at last my father consented to my going on a voyage to the island of Ceylon.

After we had been in Ceylon about a fortnight, I went out with some companions to shoot wild animals. Near the bank of a lake, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind me, and on turning round I was horrified to see a lion approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite without asking my consent! What was to be done in this

¹ To *exaggerate* is to describe an event or a thing in such a way as to make it seem bigger than it really was.

2 ^{अचिन्तनीय स्थिति}
horrible dilemma? (My gun was charged only with swan-shot, and I had no other weapon with me. I could only hope to frighten the animal with the noise of the gun and perhaps to wound him and make him run aw. ~~...~~)

I immediately fired, therefore. But the noise only made him angry, and he rushed at me at full speed. I tried to escape but, to my horror, when I turned round I saw a large crocodile with his mouth wide open to receive me! On my right hand was the lake: on my left hand was a deep precipice. There seemed to be no hope of escape, for the lion was just about to spring at me. I fell to the ground with fear, expecting every moment to feel his teeth or claws in some part of me.

After waiting in this horrible position for a few seconds, I heard a violent and unusual noise, different from any sound I had ever before heard. After listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round. To my unspeakable surprise and joy, I saw that the lion had jumped over my body, as I fell, right into the crocodile's mouth! The head of the lion was stuck in the throat of the crocodile, and they were struggling to free themselves. Fortunately, I then noticed that I had my hunting-knife, and with this instrument I cut off the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! Then I picked up my gun, and with the butt end of it I rammed the head of the lion firmly into the throat of the crocodile! He was soon choked to death by this.

Soon after this my companions arrived in search of me. We measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length. The skin was stuffed in the usual manner, and is now in the public museum at Amsterdam.

§2. ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD TO RUSSIA

[KEY-QUESTION: *From where did the Baron rescue his horse, after sleeping the night on the snow; and how did he lose the horse afterwards?*]

Some years after this I set off to Russia in the midst of winter. I went on horseback, the most convenient manner of travelling. I was lightly clothed, and the farther I went the more I began to feel the cold.

I went on; night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I did not know the road.

Feeling very tired, I got off my horse, and seeing something like a pointed stump of a tree above the snow I tied the bridle of my horse to it. For safety I placed my pistols under my arm and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till daylight. To my great astonishment I found myself in the middle of a churchyard. I could not see my horse anywhere, but I could hear him neighing. The sound seemed to come from somewhere above me, and on looking up I saw my faithful horse hanging by his bridle to the weather-cock of the church-tower!

At once I understood what had happened. (On the previous day it had snowed very heavily and the village had been completely buried in snow, so that I had not noticed it when I lay down to sleep.) In the night, a sudden change of weather had taken place, and the snow had all melted. I had sunk gently down to the ground while asleep. What I had mistaken in the darkness for the stump of a tree was actually the weather-cock fixed on the very top of the church-tower. My poor horse was still tied to it by his bridle, and was hanging there, still alive, but a hundred feet above me!

Without a moment's hesitation, I caught hold of my neighing steed, and, unharmed, without

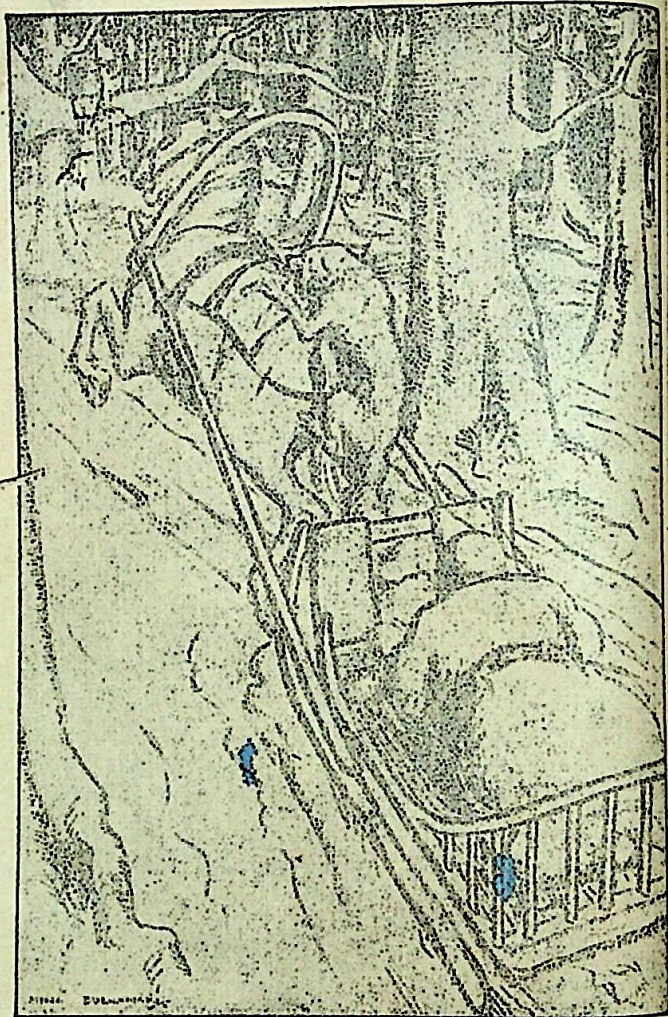
pistol and took careful aim at the bridle. The bullet cut the bridle and brought down the horse, quite unharmed. We were soon ready to continue our journey together.

After a few days I decided that it would be better to travel as the Russians usually do in the winter, that is, in a snow-carriage called a 'sledge', drawn by a horse or some other animal. Having bought a sledge, I fixed my faithful horse between the shafts, and we were soon on our way.

Next day, when passing through a dense forest, I suddenly noticed that a terrible wolf was pursuing us. He was ravenous with winter hunger, and soon overtook the sledge. There was no possibility of escape, so I laid myself down flat on the floor of the sledge and let the horse run for its life.

Then a most extraordinary thing happened. The wolf did not take any notice of me, but jumped right over the sledge on to the back of the horse and immediately began to tear the hind part of the poor creature with its sharp teeth. This made the horse run faster and faster in its pain and terror. I could not bear to watch its sufferings, and kept my head down, expecting at any moment that it would fall down dead and the wolf would turn its attention to me next. But when some time had passed, and the sledge did not stop moving, I lifted my head and took a careful glance.

With horror and amazement I saw that the wolf had actually eaten his way into the horse's body. In a little while longer he had forced himself right into it. I seized my whip, which was on the floor of the sledge, and, standing up, I struck the wolf repeatedly, as hard as I could, with the butt end of it. This unexpected attack from behind terrified the wolf, whose jaws were busy inside the horse. He made a sudden leap forward to try to get away, and presto! the remains of the horse's body fell to the ground, but the wolf was in the harness instead.



The wolf jumped right over the sledge on to the back of the horse

So, whipping the wolf continually, I was able to go on at great speed and soon arrived at the next town. I was immediately surrounded by the ^{पुष्टि} admiring townsfolk, who had never before seen a wolf harnessed in a sledge.

§3. THE BARON'S SPORT IN RUSSIA

[KEY-QUESTION: *What luck did the Baron have in hunting a wild boar and a stag, and what remarkable skill did he show as a horseman?*]

Soon after this adventure, when hunting in a forest, I saw a wild ^{सुअर} pig and a ^{सुअर} sow running close behind each other. I fired, but my bullet missed them. Strange to say, only the pig ran away, while the sow stood motionless as if fixed to the ground. On going near, I found that the animal was an old sow, blind with age, which had taken hold of her pig's tail in order to be led along by it. My bullet had passed between the two, and had cut the lead-string, which the old sow continued to hold in her ^{दिलो} mouth; as her ^{पुष्टि} former guide did not pull her forward any longer, she had stopped. I therefore took hold of the remaining end of the pig's tail and led the old sow home, without any further trouble on my part and without the helpless old animal knowing what had happened.

On another day, having used ^{मालूम} all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly quite near a ^{मालूम} magnificent stag which did not run away. I loaded my ^{मालूम} gun immediately with powder and a handful of ^{मालूम} cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit earlier in the day. I fired this at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead, between his antlers; it stunned him—he staggered—yet he mader off. A year or two later, being with a hunting party in the same forest, I saw an extraordinary sight—a great stag with a full-grown cherry-tree above ten feet high between his antlers! I immediately remembered what had happened previously. He was the very stag I

had shot with cherry-stones. On this ^{time} occasion I killed him with a single shot, and thus I ^{got him} obtained both meat for dinner and cherry-sauce to go with it—for the tree was covered with such rich fruit as I had never tasted before.

On another occasion I obtained the gift of a magnificent horse which no money could have bought. He became mine by an accident, which gave me an opportunity of showing my expert horsemanship. I was at Count Probosky's ^{Polish house} country-seat in Lithuania, and I was taking tea with the ladies in the drawing-room while the gentlemen were down in the yard to see a young horse of blood which had just arrived. We suddenly heard a noise of shouting. I went out, and found the horse so unruly that nobody dared to go near or mount him. The most expert horsemen were afraid. But with one leap ^{he} was on his back, took him by surprise, and brought him gradually into a state of gentleness and obedience. To show this to the ladies I forced him to leap in at one of the open windows of the tea-room, to walk round several times, to pace, ^{to} trot, and ^{to} gallop; and at last I made him mount the tea-table, and there repeat his lessons in a pretty style which was very pleasing to the ladies, for he performed them so well that he did not break even a single cup or saucer. This placed me so high in the opinion of my host that he begged I would accept this young horse as a gift, and ride him in the campaign against the Turks which was soon to begin. ^{war.}

§4. AN ADVENTURE IN THE WAR AGAINST THE TURKS

[KEY-QUESTION: *How was the Baron's horse cut in two, and what happened to it afterwards?*]

In the Turkish campaign we made a terrible havoc amongst the enemy, driving them not only back into their principal city but out again the other side. The swiftness of my horse enabled me to be first in the pursuit, and, seeing

running away

the enemy fleeing out of the city through the opposite gate, I thought it would be best to stop in the market-place to gather my men together. I stopped, gentlemen; but you may imagine my astonishment when I saw not one of my hussars near me! Surely, I thought, they cannot be far off and they will soon join me. While waiting for them, I walked my panting horse to a fountain in the market-place and let him drink there.

He continued to drink for such a long time that I began to wonder why he did not stop. I looked round and—what did I see, gentlemen?—the hind part of the poor creature was missing! He had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in, without refreshing him at all. How this could have happened was a mystery to me till I returned with him to the town gate. There I saw that when I rushed through the gate in pursuit of the fleeing enemy they had dropped the portcullis. Unnoticed by me, this had totally cut off the hind part of my poor horse, and it still lay quivering outside the gate.

I could not bear to lose my valuable horse, so I immediately picked up the hind part which had been cut off, and carried it to our surgeon. The clever surgeon placed both the parts together while they were still warm, and sewed them securely with young shoots of laurel. After a very short time the wounds healed, and the plants took root in the horse's body. (They soon grew into small bushes, and in a year or two they were tall enough to give me shelter from the hot sun. I was thus able to go on many expeditions in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels!)

§5. AN ADVENTURE ON THE WAY HOME

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did the Baron show his remarkable strength, and what happened to the postilion's horn?*]

Soon after this, the war against the Turks came to an end, and I made up my mind to return home. It was the

middle of winter, and the weather was terribly cold and seemed to grow colder every day. It was too cold for me to ride on horseback, so I decided to travel by carriage.

In many places the road was so narrow that two carriages could not pass unless one of them went to the side of the road and stopped. [This ^{caused} us much ^{trouble} ^{cried} ^{of} ^{delays} and, as I was in a hurry to get home, I ordered our postilion to give a signal with his horn whenever we came to a narrow place, so that any carriage coming the other way might stop and let us pass easily. [But, although he ^{blew} the horn with all the ^{strength} of his ^{lungs} he could not make any sound come out of it. He tried over and over again, but without success.]

(This was very unfortunate, for we soon came to a narrow place where we met some carriages coming in the opposite direction.) All had to stop. What was to be done? I acted without hesitation. I got down from my carriage and, being a fairly strong man, I picked up the carriage and placed it on my head and shoulders. There was no ^{room} at the side of the road for passing the other carriages, so I jumped over the ^{hedge} which was about nine feet high (this was rather difficult with the carriage on my head, but I kept my balance). When I reached a ^{place} ^{point} beyond the other carriages I jumped back into the road again and put the carriage down.

Then I went back for the horses. Placing one of them on my head and the other under my left arm, I carried them in the same way. The horse under my arm was very ^{lively}, being only a few years old, and when I jumped over the hedge he began ^{kicking} and ^{neighing}; but I ^{overcame} this difficulty in a very simple manner, by putting his hind legs in my coat pocket.

After fixing the horses to the carriage again, we soon went on and arrived at an inn. I was feeling a little wearied after so much hard work, so I went into the inn with the

~~पुस्तक, ड्राइवर~~
postilion to take some refreshment. To get warm again, we sat near the fire. My postilion was carrying his horn with him, and he hung it on a ^{पेड़}peg at the side of the fireplace.

All of a sudden we heard a tremendous burst of sound — 'Tereng! tereng! teng! teng! teng!' We looked up to see where it came from, and it became clear why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn on the way. The sounds had all been ^{फ्रोज़}frozen by the great cold! And in the heat of the fire they had melted. For at least ten minutes both of us sat there, enjoying the music. For all the sounds which the postilion had blown into the horn before now came out and gave us a delightful entertainment. (3-मिनट-आनंद-दीप) 3-मिनट-आनंद

At last the entertainment came to an end, and with this I shall also end the story of my adventures in Russia.

NOTES

§1

Baron: title given in Europe to a nobleman of a certain rank. rustling: the noise made by the moving leaves of a tree, or a movement of dry grass, or the leaves of a book. horrified: filled with horror or great fear. approaching: coming near. without asking my consent!: it would have been still more extraordinary if the lion had asked his permission before eating him, would it not? dilemma: a difficult situation; a situation in which an attempt at escape in either direction is likely to lead to disaster. charged: filled, loaded. swan-shot: small bullets used for shooting swans and other birds. precipice: a steep cliff, a sudden change in the level of the ground. spring: jump. claws: toe-nails of an animal or bird. ventured: dared. butt end: the thicker end of a gun. rammed: pushed in (as a ram drives in a pile or wooden spike, by repeated knocks). forty feet in length: have you ever heard of a crocodile of this size? stuffed: filled with cotton or other soft material. Amsterdam: capital city of Holland; the Dutch were ruling Ceylon at that time. By mentioning that the forty-foot crocodile is in the museum, the Baron makes it appear that his story must be true.

lightly clothed: without heavy or warm clothes for winter. **stump** the part which remains when a tree is cut down or a limb is cut off. **bridle**: the leather straps and pieces of metal fixed to the head of a horse to control him with. **pistol**: hand-gun, for using with one hand, before modern revolvers were invented. **neighing** (pronounced 'nay-ing'): the cry of a horse. **weather-cock**: a church usually has a tall pointed tower (spire or steeple) on the very top of which is fixed a cross (the sign of the Christian religion), or a weather-cock to show the direction of the wind. The church tower was a hundred feet high, so the Baron expects us to believe that there was 100 feet of snow on the ground, and that it all melted in one night while he was asleep! And then with one pistol-shot he got the horse down alive from the height of 100 feet where it had been hanging all night! It must indeed have been a wonderfully strong horse. **sledge**: a small carriage without wheels which slides over the frozen surface of the snow. Sledges are used in all countries where the snow falls very thickly, because wheels would be useless. (See illustration on page 40.) **shafts**: the pieces of wood by which a carriage or sledge is pulled. **ravenous**: terribly hungry. In countries where the ground is frozen hard in winter animals have difficulty in getting food. **hind**: behind, rear part. **presto!**: quickly. **harness**: the leather straps attached to the horse's neck and body, by which he pulls the carriage.

§3

sow (pronounced to rhyme with 'how'): female pig. **magnificent** (pronounced 'mag-niff-i-sent'): splendid. **cherry-stones**: cherries are small round fruits with hard seeds like bullets, so the seeds or 'stones' were of just the right size. **antlers**: horns of a stag. **stunned**: knocked senseless for a short time. **staggered**: almost fell. **made off**: ran away. **meat for dinner and cherry-sauce**: with one shot I got a meal of meat and also the sauce (liquid poured over food to add flavour to it) which was made from the fruit of the cherry-tree. ('sauce' is pronounced 'sorce'.) **expert**: clever, skilful. **country seat**: big house in the country. **yard**: compound. (The word 'compound' is only used in the East: in England the word 'yard' is used.) **pure of blood**: a pure-bred horse, one which is not of mixed blood or mixed parentage, but from parents of the same breed. Such animals are generally more difficult to tame. **unruly**: unmanageable, not to be ruled or controlled. **mount**: get upon. **leap**: jump. **pace**

trot, and gallop: walk, run slowly, and run fast (generally used only of animals) host: one who entertains guests. campaign (pronounced 'kam-pane'). military operations, warfare.

§4

havoc: destruction. enabled: made me able. pursuit: chasing, trying to catch. hussars (pronounced 'hoozarz'): soldiers on horse-back. panting: breathing hard, out of breath. portcullis: a heavy falling door with sharp spikes at the bottom, let down suddenly to prevent the entry of an enemy into a fort. surgeon (pronounced 'serjon'): doctor skilled in doing operations. young shoots of laurel: small branches of a shrub or bush called 'laurel'. The Greeks and Romans used to put a crown of laurel branches on the heads of those who won a victory (in games or competitions or war) so the expression 'crowned with laurels' has come to mean victorious or successful. in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels: this is a 'pun' (see the note on 4 of 'First Experiences in England') on the word 'laurels'. 'In the shade of my own laurels' means (as explained above) 'victoriously' or 'successfully'; while 'in the shade of my horse's laurels' means, literally, shaded by the leaves of the laurel-bush that had grown from the horse's body.

§5

postilion: one of the riders of the horses which pulled the carriage. a signal with his horn: one of the drivers used to carry a horn, to warn other vehicles that the carriage was approaching. rather difficult: but not very difficult for so wonderful a man as the Baron! 'Tereng! tereng! teng! teng! teng!': the sound made by the horn. The sounds had all been frozen: if you don't believe the Baron, you should try the experiment of freezing music, when you have plenty of time to waste! entertainment: something which amuses or gives pleasure.

APPRECIATION

The fun of Baron Munchausen's stories is of course in their complete impossibility. Each adventure seems more impossible than the previous one, and you wonder what exaggeration the Baron will invent next. It is all the more amusing because the Baron tells his adventures seriously; he never seems to doubt that his hearers will accept every word of them as truth!

1. Which of the Baron's stories do you consider to be the most absurd, and which one did you most enjoy reading? Mention some reasons for the answers you give.

2. What is meant by 'exaggeration'? Give examples.

3. What is a pun? Try to give some examples of puns, both in English and in your own mother tongue.

4. Analyse into clauses:—(After listening for some time, I dared to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived that the lion had jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth which, as before mentioned, was wide open.)

5. Distinguish between: *sow* (rhyming with 'how') and *sow* (rhyming with 'go') and *sew* (rhyming with 'go').

3. THE DEATH OF JULIUS CAESAR

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Here are some of the finest passages from one of the greatest plays of Shakespeare.

In the play *Julius Caesar* Shakespeare shows how a great struggle went on in the mind of Caesar's greatest friend, Brutus. This is the story: Julius Caesar was one of the greatest generals of Rome and he became very powerful after gaining many victories. His best friend was Brutus, and Brutus was afraid that Caesar wanted to become the King of Rome; he believed that this would be bad for the Romans. There was no way of stopping it except by killing Caesar; after a great mental struggle, Brutus decided that he must put the good of his country before the love of his friend. He joined a conspiracy against Caesar and helped to kill him. But, after all, it was useless. Antony, another friend of Caesar's, succeeded in stirring up the Romans against Brutus and his friends. There was a battle and Brutus was defeated; then Antony tried to get power into his own hands, but he in turn was defeated, and Caesar's nephew became the first Roman Emperor, under the title of Augustus Caesar. So Brutus killed his friend in vain; for the Roman Republic became the Roman Empire. One emperor after another ruled over that empire until it was broken to pieces by the Huns. A few hundred years later.

This part of the play shows Brutus making his speech to the Romans. Then comes Antony. Brutus was so fair-minded that,

though he knew Antony was against him, yet he allowed Antony also to speak to the people. Antony did so, and you will see the result of it in what follows.

§1. BRUTUS' SPEECH

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why did Brutus help to kill his dearest friend, Caesar, and what proof does he offer that he is speaking the truth?*]

Scene. *The Forum of Rome.*

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a crowd of Citizens.

Citizens: We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus: Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. Cassius, go you into the other street, and part the numbers. Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; those that will follow Cassius, go with him; and public reasons shall be rendered of Caesar's death.

1st Citizen: I will hear Brutus speak.

2nd Cit.: I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, when severally we hear them rendered.

(Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit)

3rd Cit.: The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!

Brutus: Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Would you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As

Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.]

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens: None, Brutus, none.

Bru.: Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. (The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.)

(Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.)

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; and which of you shall not?

[With this I depart: that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.]

Citizens: Live, Brutus! Live, live!

1st Cit.: Bring him with triumph home unto his house

2nd Cit.: Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3rd Cit.: Let him be Caesar.

4th Cit.: Caesar's better parts shall be crowned in Brutus.

1st Cit.: We'll bring him to his house with shouts and joy.

Bru.: My countrymen—

2nd Cit.: Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

1st Cit.: Peace, ho!

Bru.: Good countrymen, let me depart alone, and, for my sake, stay here with Antony. [Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony, by our permission, is allowed to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart, save I alone, till Antony has spoken.]

(Exit Brutus.)

1st Cit.: Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3rd Cit.: Let him go up into the public chair; we'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony: For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

(He goes into the pulpit.)

4th Cit.: What does he say of Brutus?

3rd Cit.: He says, for Brutus' sake he finds himself beholding to us all.

4th Cit.: 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1st Cit.: This Caesar was a tyrant.

3rd Cit.: Nay, that's certain. We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2nd Cit.: Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony: You gentle Romans—

Citizens: Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

§2. ANTONY'S SPEECH

[KEY-QUESTION: What arguments did Antony use to disprove Brutus' statement that Caesar was ambitious?]

Antony: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones; so let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious; if it were so,

it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath Caesar answered it. ¶

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—for Brutus is an honourable man; so are they all, all honourable men—come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me: but Brutus says he was ambitious; and Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome, whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: did this in Caesar seem ambitious? [When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept: ambition should be made of sterner stuff: yet Brutus says he was ambitious; and Brutus is an honourable man.]

You all did see that on the ^{festival} Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; and, still he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, but here I am to speak what I do know. You all did love him once, not without cause: what cause withholds you then to mourn for him? O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason. Bear with me; my heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit.: Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2nd Cit.: If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

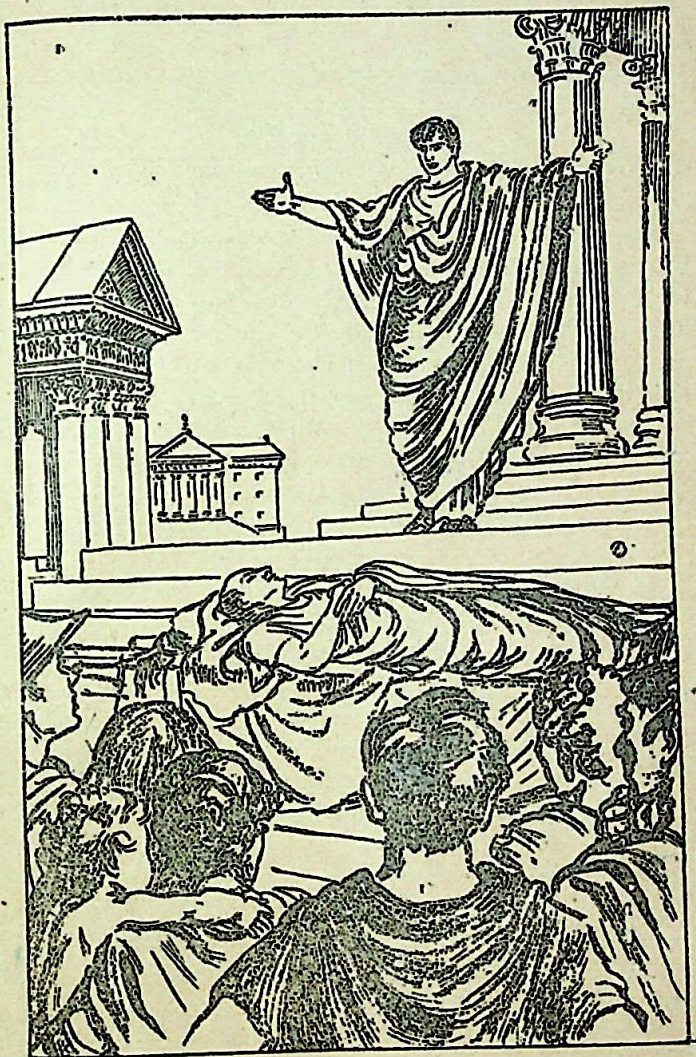
3rd Cit.: Has he, masters? I fear there will a world come in his place.

4th Cit.: Marked ye his words? He would not touch the crown; therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1st Cit.: If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2nd Cit.: Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

ing



Antony's speech

3rd Cit.: There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4th Cit.: Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

§3. CAESAR'S WILL

[KEY-QUESTION: *How does Antony excite the curiosity of the mob to hear Caesar's will?*]

Antony: O masters! if I were disposed to stir your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, who, you all know, are honourable men. I will not do them wrong; I rather choose to wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you, than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar; I found it in his closet, 'tis his will. Let but the commons hear this testament—which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—and they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds.

4th Cit.: We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens: The will! The will! We will hear Caesar's will.

Antony: Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it. It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; and being men, hearing the will of Caesar, it will inflame you, it will make you mad. 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs; for, if you should, O, what would come of it!

4th Cit.: Read the will, we'll hear it, Antony; you shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

Ant.: Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile? I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it. I fear I wrong the honourable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I do fear it.

4th Cit.: They were traitors! Honourable men!

Citizens: The will! The testament!

2nd Cit.: They were villains, murderers! The will!
Read the will!

Ant.: You will ^{force} compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar, and let
me show you him that made the will. Shall I descend?
And will you give me leave?

Citizens: Come down.

2nd Cit.: Descend.

(Antony comes down.)

3rd Cit.: You shall have leave.

4th Cit.: A ring; stand round.

1st Cit.: Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2nd Cit.: Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

Ant.: Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens: Stand back! Room! Bear back!

§4. ANTONY'S FINAL SPEECH OVER CAESAR'S BODY

[KEY-QUESTION: *How does Antony finally rouse the mob to seek revenge for Caesar's death?*]

Antony: If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember the first time
ever Caesar put it on; 'twas on a summer's evening, in
his tent, that day he overcame the Nervii. ^{King}

Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through: see
what a rent the envious Casca made: through this the
well-beloved Brutus ^{stabbed} stabbed; and, as he plucked his
cursed steel away, mark how the blood of Caesar follow-
ed it, as rushing out of doors to be resolved if Brutus so
unkindly knocked, or no; for Brutus, as you know, was
Caesar's angel; judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar
loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all; for, when the
noble Caesar saw him stab, ingratitude, more strong
than traitors' arms, quite vanquished him: then burst

his mighty heart, and, in his mantle muffling up his face, even at the base of Pompey's statua, which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.] 1960

[O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, whilst bloody treason flourished over us.]

[O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel the dint of pity: these are gracious drops. (Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here! Here is himself, marred as you see with traitors.)

(He uncovers Caesar's body.)

1st Cit.: O piteous spectacle!

2nd Cit.: O noble Caesar!

3rd Cit.: O woeful day!

4th Cit.: O traitors, villains!

1st Cit.: O most bloody sight!

2nd Cit.: We will be revenged!

Citizens: Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

NOTES

Forum: the market-place of a Roman town. We will be satisfied: we want to know why you have killed Caesar. Julius Caesar had won many victories for the Romans, so he was very popular, and the Romans were angry when they heard that he had been murdered. **g'v'e me audience:** listen to me. **'em:** short form of 'them'. **public reasons** shall be rendered: the reasons (for killing Caesar) shall be publicly explained. **severally:** separately, at different times or different places. **pulpit:** the platform from which the orators spoke. **have respect to mine honour** that you may believe: believe that I am an honourable man (one who will speak the truth), so that you may believe that what I tell you is really true, and I have not invented it as an excuse for killing Caesar. **censure me in your wisdom:** judge carefully what I am going to say. As Caesar loved me . . . I slew him: because I was Caesar's friend, I am sorry for

his death; because he was fortunate (in having become so great), I am glad; because he was brave, I admire him; but because he wanted to get too much power (which would have been bad for Rome), I killed him. base: mean, ignoble (the opposite of noble). bondman: slave. (Brutus means that if Caesar had lived, he would have become a tyrant and the people would have had to do anything he wished, like slaves.) rude: barbarous, savage? The Romans were very proud, and thought that anyone who was not a Roman was a very inferior person, a barbarian. Slaves had no rights of citizenship, that is they were not 'Romans', so Brutus asks, 'Do you want to cease being Romans and become slaves?'. vile: worthless, mean, shameful (similar in meaning to 'base'). than you shall do to Brutus: you shall also kill me if I become like Caesar. enrolled: recorded. Capitol: the chief seat of government in Rome. extenuated: diminished, made little of. enforced: exaggerated, made much of. a place in the commonwealth: an office in the Roman Republic. as which of you shall not?: as a result of Caesar's death every Roman will have a better chance to be free and to have a more powerful position as a citizen of a Republic. Live, Brutus!: May you live long. Caesar's better parts shall be crowned in Brutus: the good qualities of Caesar will be found in perfection in Brutus, so he will be a better ruler than Caesar. Do grace: show respect. has spoken: Shakespeare wrote 'have spoke', which was correct English at the time, but would be ungrammatical nowadays. beholding: thankful. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here: it would be best for him not to say anything against Brutus (for if he does, we will kill Antony). Note how the citizens are now entirely on the side of Brutus, and against Caesar and Antony. They have been convinced by Brutus' calm, reasonable speech. But now see how Antony, by his appeal to their feelings (not their reason), completely changes them, and makes them cry for revenge upon Brutus.

§2

the good is oft interred with their bones: when a man is dead, the good things that he did are often forgotten (inter=bury). grievously hath Caesar answered it: Caesar has paid a severe penalty (death) for his fault of ambition. under leave: by permission. and the rest: the other friends of Brutus who helped to kill Caesar. whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: wealthy prisoners of war were set free if they paid a large sum of

money (ransom) for their freedom. Julius Caesar was one of Rome's most successful generals, and conquered many new territories for Rome. The ransoms of the wealthy prisoners were paid into the State Treasury (coffers=treasure-chests or treasury). What that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept: Caesar was sorry for the miseries of the poor people. ambition should be made of stern stuff: an ambitious man is generally of more hard-hearted character, too selfish to think of the troubles of others, specially of the poor. So how can Brutus say that Caesar was ambitious? Lupercale a Roman feast-day. thrice: three times. I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke: of course, this is not true. Antony is all the time very cunningly trying to turn the people against Brutus, by making them feel sorry for Caesar. But he dares not say anything openly against Brutus. On the contrary he keeps on repeating: 'Brutus is an honourable man', but he means the people to understand that he really thinks just the opposite (i.e. it is *irony*). 'O judgement! thou art fled . . . lost their reason: even the animals have more sense than to kill their best friends; their judgement (of what is good) is better than that of the men who have killed Caesar. Bear with me: my heart is in the coffin: I feel such pity for Caesar, lying dead there in the coffin, that I cannot speak. Be patient with me, therefore. a worse: a worse ruler will take Caesar's place (if Brutus rules). some will dearly abide it: some people will be severely punished for it.

§3

disposed: inclined, willing. stir: excite. mutiny: rebellion. rather choose to wrong the dead: another lie; of course, he intends to convince them that Caesar was right and Brutus was wrong, if he can. parchment: document (important piece of writing) written on parchment, made of sheepskin. Parchment is more lasting than paper, so it is used for very important documents such as wills (instructions about the disposal of one's property after one's death). closet: private room. the commons: the common people. which, pardon me, I do not mean to read: he says this just to make them more anxious to hear the will. It is not meet: it is not proper. inflame: set on fire, make hot. his heirs: those to whom he has left his property; those who inherit. I have o'ershot myself: I have gone beyond the limit, beyond what is allowed. They were traitors. Honourable men!: the word 'honourable' is spoken in irony and contempt. hearse: the carriage on which a dead body is laid.

mantle: cloak, overcoat without sleeves. the Nervii: one of the many German tribes conquered by Caesar. Look! In this place: He is pointing out to them, one by one, the holes in Caesar's cloak made by the daggers of the conspirators. Of course, he does not really know which hole was made by which conspirator, but he pretends to do so, to make the people more furious. rent: torn place, hole. plucked: pulled. resolved: assured, made certain. Caesar's angel: he loved Brutus with a divine love. Antony purposely exaggerates, to make it sound as if Caesar was godlike, superhuman. ingratitude . . . vanquished him: Caesar was killed, not by the strength of the conspirators, but because he could not bear their ingratitude. Again, Antony exaggerates in order to make it seem as if Caesar were the great benefactor, and Brutus and his friends were mere villains who basely murdered their master to whom they ought to have been grateful for all he had done for them. muffling up: covering tightly. Pompey's statue: the statue of Pompey, another great Roman general; the base (bottom part) of the statue was covered with Caesar's blood. Then I, and you, and all of us fell down: here speaks the real Antony; this is what he really wanted the mob to believe, namely, that Caesar's death would cause the downfall of the prosperity of Rome. bloody treason flourished: those who betrayed Caesar and killed him have achieved success. dint: stroke (metaphor). gracious drops: tears showing kindness. vesture: clothing. marred: spoiled, injured. Then he uncovers Caesar's dead body, and they see it. The sight enrages them beyond measure and they rush out to take revenge upon Brutus and the others.

APPRECIATION

Try to *see* this scene in your mind's eye, as you read it. When you have understood the meaning to some extent, read the whole scene again and try to see and hear everything in your imagination as you read. It is a marvellous piece of writing. No wonder that Shakespeare is called the greatest dramatist that ever lived. His play was written more than three hundred years ago, about an event which happened more than two thousand years ago, yet it is as modern as ever, and men never get tired of reading or of acting the play. Why is that? It is true to life. It shows the thoughts and actions of men as they really are. Shakespeare understood men's hearts as few people have ever done. That, combined with his

great power of expressing what he saw in just the right words—in simple words, when simple words are most effective, and in splendid words when splendid words are demanded by the occasion—made him the greatest artist that the world has yet known.

Observe the contrast between the speeches of the two orators. Brutus' speech appeals to the *reason* of his hearers. Brutus appeals only to the highest qualities in his hearers—their sense of self-respect and their love of country before self. But Antony knew well that the Roman mob had baser qualities which could more easily be appealed to; first he makes them feel sorry for Caesar; then he appeals to their greed, their love for money; finally he shows them Caesar's body and arouses their wild passion for revenge. Antony knew that reason had no chance against passion (strong and uncontrolled feeling) in the case of an uneducated mob. Brutus was an idealist; Antony knew more about worldly things, and he was clever enough to use his knowledge to bring about the defeat of Brutus, who was a much finer character, whether he was right or wrong in helping to kill his friend.

EXERCISES

1. Write a short account of the character of Brutus and that of Antony. Mention the points from which you judge their characters.

2. Considering the audience that the two orators were addressing, which of the two speeches was the better one? Give reasons for your answer.

3. What is your own opinion on 'The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones'?

4. Do you notice any difference between the sound of the lines of Brutus' speech and the sound of the lines of Antony's speech? Read a few lines of each speech aloud, and see if you can hear any difference. If you cannot, ask your teacher to show you how Antony's speech is printed in an ordinary copy of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

Was Brutus right in helping to kill Caesar? Give reasons for your answer.

GROUP III: LEGENDS AND FABLES

1. THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

JOHN RUSKIN (ADAPTED)

This fairy-tale, by the famous writer and teacher John Ruskin, is too long to be included in full in this book. So here is a short summary of the first part of the story :

Once upon a time there were three brothers, Schwartz, Hans and Gluck. They lived high up among the mountains, in a valley so fertile that it was called the Treasure Valley. But the two elder brothers, Schwartz and Hans, were hard-hearted and selfish: they would not even give hospitality to strangers; one day they punished their youngest brother, Gluck, for helping an old man who came to their house. The old man was really 'South-West Wind Esq.' and he punished the cruel brothers by sending a storm which flooded their valley and destroyed their house and their property. Then the brothers went to the neighbouring city and worked as goldsmiths, but Schwartz and Hans were such drunkards that they soon had nothing left to live on. At last the only property that remained to them was a curious old golden drinking-cup of Gluck's. So one day Gluck made up his mind to melt this and get money for the metal. When he put it on the fire, out jumped a little golden dwarf who said that he was called 'The King of the Golden River'. He told Gluck that whoever would climb to the source of the Golden River, up in the mountains, and throw three drops of holy water into it, would find that the river would turn into gold. But, if anyone were to throw unholy water into the river, he would be turned into a black stone. When Gluck told this to his brothers, they were so eager to set off that they began to fight to decide who should go first. In the end Hans went. He was such a rascal that the priest would not give him holy water from the church, so he stole it at night. The climb up to the source of the river was a very difficult one, and on the way he passed first a dog, then a child, and lastly an old man, who seemed to be dying for want of water. But Hans refused to give them any, as he thought he would need it for himself. At last he reached the river; he threw the water into it. As soon as he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell down. He was turned into a black stone. When he failed to return home at night,

Schwartz guessed that something had happened to him, and next morning he set off to try his luck. He met with the same fate as his brother. Now only Gluck was left. What happened to him you will now read.

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§1. GLUCK SETS OUT TO CLIMB TO THE SOURCE OF THE RIVER

[KEY-QUESTION: *Whom did Gluck meet on his journey up the mountains, and what did he do?*]

(WHEN Gluck found that his brother Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry, and did not know what to do.) He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money.

So after a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. 'The little king looked very kind,' thought he. 'I don't think he will turn me into a black stone.' So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

The climb up the steep mountainside was much more difficult for him than for his brothers, because he was neither so strong nor so expert in climbing mountains. He had several very bad falls; he lost his basket of food, and was very much frightened at the strange noises he heard.

When he had climbed for an hour he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. 'My son,' said the old man, 'I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water.' Then Gluck looked at him and, when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water.

'Only please don't drink it all,' said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he said good-bye and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and some grasshoppers began singing, and Gluck thought he had never heard such a merry song.

Then he went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so much that he felt he must have a drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying at the roadside, and it cried out for water.

Then Gluck made up his mind to bear his thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips. It drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled at him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star. Then he began climbing again. Although it was difficult, he had never felt so happy in his life.

When he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became unbearable again, but when he looked at his bottle he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it. As he was putting the flask to his lips, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as his eldest brother Hans had seen it.

And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words 'that no one could succeed except in his first attempt'. He tried to pass the dog, but when he looked at it he stopped again. 'Poor little thing', said Gluck, 'it'll be dead when I get down again, if I don't help it.' Then he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

§2. GLUCK MEETS THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

[KEY-QUESTION: ¹]

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. ^{its} ~~its~~ ^{tail} disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, and golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very shining; in three seconds the dog was gone, and in front of Gluck stood his old friend, the King of the Golden River.

'Thank you,' said the King. 'Don't be frightened, it's all right', for Gluck wondered what would happen next.

'Why didn't you come before,' continued the dwarf, instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stone? Very hard stones they make, too. ^{also}

'Oh, dear me!' said Gluck, 'have you really been so cruel?'

'Cruel?' said the dwarf; 'They poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?'

'Why,' said Gluck, 'I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font.'

'Very probably,' replied the dwarf; 'but,' and his face grew angry as he spoke, 'the water which has been refused to the weary and dying is unholy, though it has been blessed by every saint in heaven.'

So saying, the dwarf stooped and picked a flower that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. 'Throw these into the river', he said. 'It will turn into gold. Then go down the other side of the mountain into the Treasure Valley.' Speaking thus, he disappeared.

¹ To be supplied by the student, as an exercise.

§3. GLUCK REACHES HIS GOAL

KEY-QUESTION: *How did the Treasure Valley become fertile again?*

So Gluck climbed to the bank of the Golden River. Its waves were as bright as the sun. He threw the three drops of dew into the stream, and watched for it to turn into gold. But nothing happened. *saw carefully.*

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because the river was not turned into gold; its waters even seemed to become less in quantity. In spite of this he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountain towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water rushing under the ground. And when he came into the Treasure Valley he saw that a river, like the Golden River, was springing from the rocks above and was flowing in among the dry heaps of sand. *came*

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass began to spring up, and flowers opened suddenly along the banks of the river. And the Treasure Valley became a garden again. That which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and lived in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. For him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley show the place where the three drops of holy dew were thrown into the stream, and they point out the course of the Golden River under the ground until it comes out in the Treasure Valley. And at the source of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones round which the wind makes a sad sound every day at sunset; and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley, *The Black Brothers*.

NOTES

§1

hire: give the use of something (in this case, his own 'about' in return for money; sometimes it means to pay for the use of a thing. holy water: water which has been blessed by the priest; it is supposed to convey some special benefit to those who use it. no one could succeed except in his first attempt: so Gluck could not go back and fetch more water, and try again.

§2

hard stones they make: they have become very hard stones because they were so hard-hearted. dear me!: an exclamation of surprise. church font: a large vessel of stone or metal in which the holy water is kept.

§3

not turned into gold: the dwarf had promised that this would happen when the holy water was thrown into the river. barns: sheds for storing grain and hay (dried grass). his house of treasure: the river made the valley so fertile that it produced wonderful crops, which made Gluck rich; so the river really did turn into gold, as the dwarf had promised.

APPRECIATION

John Ruskin, who wrote this story in 1841, was one of the greatest teachers who ever wrote in English. He was not a schoolmaster, or a teacher of children, but a man who intensely loved beautiful things; he felt very sad when he saw ugliness and cruelty around him (those were the days of the beginning of the Industrial Revolution in England, when people were thinking of getting rich more than of anything else). He spent his whole life in trying to show his fellowmen that Beauty (not only the beauties of Nature and of Art, but also the beauty of an honest, hard-working, simple life) was of greater importance to the nation than merely growing rich. It is said that he wrote this story (the only thing he ever wrote for children) when a little girl friend of his challenged him to write a fairy-story. But you see how, even in this children's story, Ruskin's serious purpose was not altogether hidden. How entirely different is the style from that of Baron Munchausen.

In some parts of the world there really are rivers which disappear underground and come out again at a lower place. So this story is partly a legend and partly a parable.

EXERCISES

1. (a) Why did the King of the Golden River call the water used by the other brothers 'unholy water'? (b) How was his promise fulfilled? (c) What became of the three brothers?
2. Distinguish between the following words, and make sentences showing their correct usage:—*practise* and *practice*; *corpse* and *corps*; *vine* and *wine*; *valley* and *precipice*.
3. Write down the opposites of:—holy; diminish; lengthen; ascend.
4. Form adjectives from: pity, circle, speed, saint, silk.
5. Find out the difference between a 'simile' and a 'metaphor' and write down three examples of each.

2. THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE PEAS

HANS ANDERSEN (ADAPTED)

Hans Andersen was the son of a poor Danish shoemaker. He received very little school education, but through his own hard life he gained an understanding of others, specially of the poor, which was of greater value than anything he could have got from books. He wanted to become a famous playwright and poet; but he is now remembered for his fairy-tales and fables which he originally wrote for the children of his friends in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. Though he did not write with the object of teaching, yet many of his stories are far better than sermons, for they help us to understand the difficulties of the poor, about which Andersen wrote from his own experience. The following story is partly a fable and partly a parable.

§1. HOW THE FIVE PEAS WENT OUT INTO THE WORLD

[KEY-QUESTION: *What happened to the five peas?*]

THERE were five peas in one pod: they were green, and the pod was green; so they thought all the world was green—for how could they know any better? The pod grew, and the peas grew. The sun shone and warmed

the husk, and the rain made it clear and transparent. And as the peas sat there, they became bigger and bigger, and more and more thoughtful. ^{एक}

‘Are we to sit here for ever?’ asked one. ‘I’m afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside.’ ^न

And as weeks went by the peas became yellow and the pod also.

‘All the world’s turning yellow,’ said they.

Then suddenly they felt a tug at the pod. It was torn off, passed through human hands, and dropped into a basket in company with other pods.

‘Now we shall soon be opened!’ they said; and that is what they were waiting for.

‘I should like to know which of us will go farthest!’ said the smallest of the five. ‘Anyhow, we shall soon see!’

‘What is to happen will happen,’ said the biggest.

^{क्रक} Crack! The pod burst, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child’s hand. A little boy was holding them. He said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter; so he put one in at once and shot it out.

‘Now I’m flying out into the wide world,’ cried the pea; ‘catch me if you can!’ And he was gone. Then the child shot the second pea.

Said the second, ‘I shall fly straight into the sun. That’s a pod worth looking at, and one that exactly ^{मुझे} suits me.’ And away he went.

‘We will sleep wherever we may go,’ said the next two, ‘but we shall roll on all the same.’ And they rolled first on the floor before they got into the pea-shooter; but the boy picked them up and shot them out. ‘We shall go farthest,’ they said.

‘What is to happen will happen,’ said the last, as he was shot out of the pea-shooter. He flew up again

an old board under an attic window and dropped into a crack which was filled up with moss and soft mould. The moss closed round him, and there he lay, a prisoner indeed, unseen by all except God. 'What is to happen will happen,' said he.

✓ §2. THE WORK OF THE FIFTH PEA ✓

[KEY-QUESTION: *What good work did the fifth pea do?*]

In the attic lived a poor woman who went out in the day to gather wood, and to do other hard work of the same kind, to earn her living; but she always remained poor. And at home in the attic lay her only daughter who was very weak. For a whole year she had been in bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

N 'Alas! She is going to join her little sister,' the woman said. 'I had only the two children, and it was not an easy thing to provide for both, but God helped me, and took one of them home to Himself. I should be glad to keep the other; but I suppose they are not to remain separated, and she will go to her sister in heaven.' But the girl lived on, sick as she was. She lay quiet and patient all day long while her mother went out to earn money.

It was spring; and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go to work, the sun shone mildly and pleasantly through the little window, casting its rays across the floor. The sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane of the window. 'Mother,' she cried, 'what is that little green thing peeping in at the window? It is moving in the wind.'

The mother walked over to the window and had opened it. 'Oh!' said she, 'it is a little pea which has taken root here and is putting out its leaves. How could it have got here into the crack? There! You have a little garden to look at!'

And the sick girl's bed was moved nearer to the win-

dow so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went out to her work.

‘Mother, I think I shall get well,’ said the sick child in the evening. ‘The sun shone in upon me today delightfully warm. The little pea is growing so nicely, and I think I shall soon be well again, and get up and go out into the warm sunshine.’

‘God grant it!’ said the mother, though she felt it to be too good to be true: but she took care to prop up with a little stick the green plant which had given her daughter such pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind. She tied a piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea might have something to which it could hold when it shot up. And it did shoot up indeed—one could see it growing taller every day.

‘See! Here is a flower coming!’ said the woman one day; and now she really began to believe that her sick daughter ^{would be cured} would recover. (She remembered that lately the child had spoken much more cheerfully than before, that in the last few days she had sat upright, looking with delighted eyes at the little garden in which only one plant grew.) A week afterwards the ^{sick} invalid for the first time sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine; the window was opened, and in front of it stood a ^{pink} pea-blossom, fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the soft leaves. This day was like a festival, and the glad mother smiled at the flower as if it had been a good angel.

§3. THE FATE OF THE OTHER FOUR PEAS

[KEY-QUESTION:¹]

But what about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world, crying out ‘Catch me if you

¹ To be supplied by the student, as an exercise.

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can', fell into the gutter on the roof and found its home in a pigeon's stomach. The two lazy ones got just as far, for they too were eaten up by pigeons and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use; but the fourth, who said he would go up to the sun, fell into a drain and lay there in the dirty water for days and weeks, and swelled ^{very much} enormously. 'How beautifully fat I'm growing!' said he. 'I shall burst at last; and I don't think any pea could do more than that. I'm certainly the most remarkable of all the five that were in the pod.' ^{best of all}

And the drain agreed with him.

But the young girl stood at the open window of the attic with shining eyes and the colour of health on her cheeks. She folded her thin hands over the pea-blossom, and thanked God for it.

NOTES

§1

pod: the green sheath or covering in which peas grow on a plant. husk: the outer covering of a seed. transparent: which can be clearly seen through; thin. the peas became yellow: they had become ripe. tug: hard pull. pea-shooter: a hollow tube; peas are put into it and shot out by the force of the breath. that's a pod worth looking at: the pea calls the sun a 'pod' because that is the only idea he has of a place to live in. attic: room at the top of a house, usually the cheapest place to live in.

§2

neither live nor die: she was an invalid, a sick person lying between life and death. God helped me: because the woman was poor she felt that it was merciful of God to let her other daughter die rather than starve. pane: a single piece of glass of a window. prop up: hold up by means of a prop or support. window-sill: the ledge at the bottom of the window.

§3

gutter: channel for carrying off the rain-water.

APPRECIATION

Hans Andersen understood the difficulties and troubles which men and women—especially those who are poor—have to face, and he always wrote in such a way that our hearts feel touched by his sympathy and understanding. There seems to be so little in many of his stories, nothing very exciting or remarkable, yet they are never dull.

EXERCISES

1. What lesson is this story intended to teach?
2. Which of the five peas was entirely wasted? Describe the character which Andersen has given to that pea, and contrast it with the fifth one.
3. Write a similar story about the adventures of three eight-anna pieces.
4. What does the author mean us to understand from the idea of the peas that 'all the world is turning yellow'?
5. This story is a combination of 'fable' and 'parable'. Explain this.

3. A QUARREL AND ITS ENDING

LEO TOLSTOY (ADAPTED)

This little story is by Count Leo Tolstoy, the famous Russian writer. Tolstoy lived a life of luxury in his youth; he was an officer in the Russian army and became famous as a writer of stories about war. When he was about thirty-five years old, he began to feel that there was something wrong with his life. The peasants of Russia at that time were treated like slaves by the rich; Tolstoy felt that he could no longer live in luxury with so much poverty and suffering going on around him. He freed all the peasants on his estate, and began to try to follow exactly the teachings of Christ. He found that this meant that he would have to change his life completely; he could no longer live like a lord. In the end he gave away all his property and lived like a peasant. Mahatma Gandhi was much influenced by the ideas of Tolstoy, especially by the idea of non-violence or *ahimsa*, which Tolstoy learned from Christ's Sermon on the Mount (see p. 91). Tolstoy wrote down many of his thoughts in the form of simple parables like

this one—stories of everyday life which are intended to teach something. He died in 1910.

§1. HOW THE QUARREL STARTED

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did the quarrel start between the two girls, and how did it spread among the villagers?*]

It was an early Easter. Sledging was only just over; snow still lay in the yards; and water ran in streams down the village street.

Two little girls from different houses happened to meet in a lane where the dirty water had formed a large puddle. One girl was very small, the other a little bigger. Their mothers had dressed them both in new frocks. The little one wore a blue frock, the other a yellow print, and both had red kerchiefs on their heads. They had just come from church when they met, and first they showed each other their finery, and then they began to play. Soon they wanted to play in the water, and the smaller one was going to step into the puddle, shoes and all, when the elder stopped her:

['Don't go in like that, Malasha,' said she; 'your mother will be angry with you. I will take off my shoes, and you take off yours.'] N

They did so; and then, picking up their skirts, began walking towards each other through the puddle. The water came up to Malasha's ankles and she said:

['It is deep, Akulya. I'm afraid!']

['Come on,' replied the other. 'Don't be frightened. It won't get any deeper.'] N

When they got near one another, Akulya said: 'Mind, Malasha, don't splash. Walk carefully!'

She had hardly said this, when Malasha put down her foot hard so that the water splashed right on to Akulya's frock. The frock was splashed, and so were Akulya's eyes and nose. When she saw the dirty marks on her

frock she was angry and ran after Malasha to strike her. Malasha was frightened and, seeing that she had got herself into trouble, she got out of the puddle and prepared to run home. Just then Akulya's mother happened to be passing and, seeing that her daughter's skirt was splashed and her sleeves dirty, she said:

N. ('You naughty, dirty girl, what have you been doing?' 'Malasha did it on purpose,' replied the girl.)

At this, Akulya's mother seized Malasha, and struck her on the back of her neck. Malasha began to howl so that she could be heard all down the street. Her mother came out.

'What are you beating my girl for?' said she; and began shouting at her neighbour. One word led to another, and they had an angry quarrel. [The men came out and a crowd collected in the street—everyone shouting and no one listening.] They all went on quarrelling, till one gave another a push, and the affair had very nearly come to blows when Akulya's old grandmother, stepping in among them, tried to calm them.] *ex*

N. ('What are you thinking of, friends? Is it right to behave so? On a day like this, too! It is a time for joy and not for such foolishness as this.') *ex*

[But they would not listen to the old woman, and she was nearly knocked off her feet. (And she would not have been able to quiet the crowd if it had not been for Akulya and Malasha themselves, who unexpectedly helped her thus.)] *ex*

§2. HOW THE QUARREL WAS ENDED

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did the grandmother stop the quarrel between the villagers?*]

While the women were quarrelling with each other, Akulya wiped the mud off her frock and went back to the puddle. She took a stone and began scraping away the earth in front of the puddle to make a channel through

which the water could run into the street. Presently Malasha joined her, and with a little piece of wood she helped to dig the channel. Just as the men were beginning to fight, the water from the little girls' channel ran streaming into the street towards the very place where the old woman was trying to stop the quarrel. The girls followed the little stream, one running on each side of it. 17



Sledging in Russia

'Catch it, Malasha! Catch it!' shouted Akulya, while Malasha could not speak for laughing.

Highly delighted, and watching the bits of wood and straw float on the stream, the little girls ran into the group of men. The old woman, seeing them, said to the men: 'Are you not ashamed of yourselves? You start fighting on account of a quarrel, when the children have forgotten all about it and are playing happily together. Dear little ones! They are wiser than you!' ex

The men looked at the little girls and were ashamed, and, laughing at themselves, went back each to his own home.

NOTES

§1

Easter: the Christian festival in celebration of the miracle of Christ's coming to life again after having been killed. The festival comes just at the end of the winter, when the snow and ice are melting in Russia. **Sledging:** moving about on sledges (see the illustration on page 77). **yards:** compounds. **puddle:** pool of dirty water. **frocks:** dresses. **print:** a dress made of cloth on which a pattern is printed. **kerchiefs:** small squares of cloth. In Russia the peasant women wear kerchiefs to cover their heads. **finery:** fine dress or ornaments.

§2

laughing at themselves: because they had been so foolish.

APPRECIATION

This is a very simple story about events which might actually have happened. Though it is so simple, it is interesting and teaches us a useful lesson. It was written for that purpose.

EXERCISES

1. Invent a suitable title for this parable.
2. Answer in writing the two key-questions of this story.
3. What important ideas which made him change his way of living did Tolstoy learn from the teaching of Jesus Christ?
4. If people actually followed the teaching of Christ, what difference would it make to the world? Try to imagine how people would live if they really followed the ideas in 'The Sermon on the Mount' (See p. 91) and how it would affect social life, politics, trade, etc. Why do not people try to live in that way? Is it bad? Or is it impossible? What is your own opinion about it?

GROUP IV: SCIENCE AND TEACHING

1. NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

MINOO MASANI (ADAPTED)

Mr Minoo Masani has already had a full life though he is still under 50. He has been Mayor of Bombay, member of the Legislative Council, of the Constituent Assembly, and of Parliament. He was also India's first Ambassador to Brazil. He is best known to students from his fine book *Our India*. This is from the last chapter of another book of his, *Our Growing Human Family*.

§1

[KEY-QUESTIONS: *What is a federal government and what is mutual aid?*]

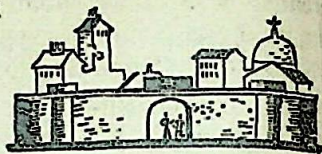
IN this book¹ we have tried to look into the future, and we have seen that, if men are intelligent, they will join all their States and their empires into a World Union or Federation. There are such federations even now in some countries, such as Switzerland, the United States of America, the Commonwealth of Australia: and in India we have just created our own federation.

In the Indian Republic each State has its own government; but there is also the federal or central government at Delhi which governs the whole of India in matters which have to be planned and carried out for the benefit of everyone in the country such as defence, railways, post offices, shipping, and taxes on goods brought into India from outside. In the same way, in a World Federation each national State would have its own government, but the World Government would look after matters of importance to the whole world, such as peace, food supplies, and health.

¹*Our Growing Human Family.*



THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY

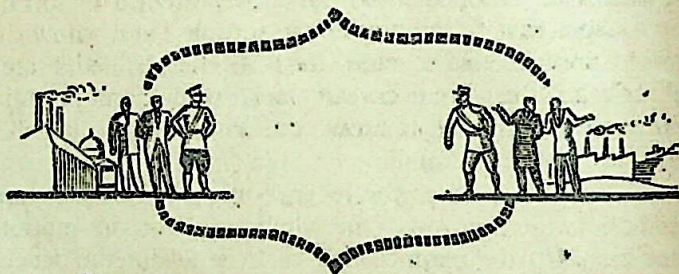


THE CITY

SURRENDERED THEIR AUTONOMY TO THE NATION-STATE



THESE NATION-STATES SOMETIMES EXPANDED INTO EMPIRES



THE TIME HAS NOW COME FOR THESE TO SURRENDER
THEIR SOVEREIGNTY TO A WORLD FEDERATION



If such a government of the whole world could be created, what more would be necessary? If everyone in the world had enough to eat, and could live healthily and comfortably without fear of war, would it not be enough to make us all happy? *Imp*

The answer is that the creation of a World Federation is not the end or the goal of human progress. (It is in fact only a beginning—a way to a higher end.) That goal may be described as a freer, fuller and richer life for each human being, a life in which each one of us may be able to grow completely and do whatever we feel is good for us without doing harm to others. *Imp*

Today we know much more than men did a thousand years ago. We are no longer afraid of the forces of Nature, but we use them to help us. We are still afraid of our fellow-men sometimes, and there are quarrels and wars because of our fear. But we are trying to find out the causes of those quarrels, and to put an end to them. Our doctors have found out how to save us from pain and how to prevent and to cure many sicknesses. With the help of machines we can do our work much more quickly than men did in ancient times, and we have more leisure for doing other things.

(All these signs of progress are the result of working together. Every new discovery is the result of discoveries made before. All the new things we have learned to make and to do would have been impossible without the help of other men and women, that is, without 'mutual aid' which means helping one another. Mutual aid began when two or three persons began to help each other. The circle of mutual aid has become bigger and bigger—from the family circle to the nation circle, and now in many things to the circle of the whole world.) This is not a new idea, for it is written in one of the old Sanskrit books:

'For the family sacrifice the individual, for the community the family, for the country the community, and for the soul the whole world.'

§2

[KEY-QUESTION: *What are the two tests of good government?*]

The World Federation of the future will be the widest of these circles of mutual aid. But can we be sure that men will be happy even under a world government?

If the whole world were a single State, mankind might be worse off under its government, in the most important matters, than if they were savages. We must always first ask: What kind of government? What kind of common life will such a government provide or allow to its citizens?

There are people who say: 'What does it matter what kind of government there is, so long as it is efficient? But who is to decide what is 'good government'? Some may say that the present government of our country is good: others may say that it is bad. How can we judge?

Are there tests by which you and I may judge whether any particular government is good or bad? What are the tests by which to judge the government of our own village or town or State, or even the future world government?

I think there are two such tests. [The first is that a government should serve 'the greatest good of the greatest number'; that is, it should arrange things so as to give the people the nicest homes, the greatest comfort, the finest education and the greatest amount of leisure possible for recreation and for the creation and enjoyment of beautiful things.]

The second test of good government is that it should at the same time give the largest amount of freedom to

every man or woman, and should treat each person with respect and sympathy, and act only with their consent. [Since only the wearer of a shoe knows where it pinches, this means that the *people* who are governed must decide what kind of political shoe they want to wear.] That is *democracy*—which that great President of the United States of America, Abraham Lincoln, described as 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people'.

['Liberty,' said Lord Acton, the historian, 'is not a means to a higher political end. It is itself the highest political end.' Which means that without self-government there can be no lasting possibility of good government.]

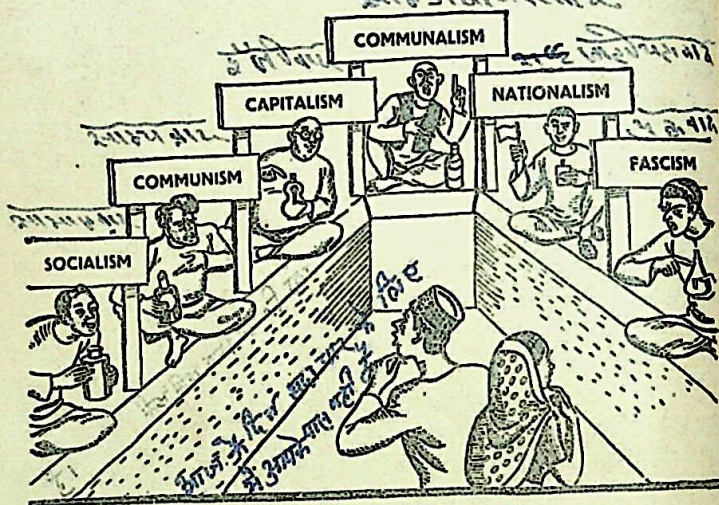
The big problem of government in this century is to find a way of governing efficiently without taking away too much freedom from those who are governed. Government is not possible without taking away some freedom from each of us, for there are always some people who want to do things which harm others. [But if too much freedom is taken away then government becomes tyranny and the people become slaves. That government is the best which keeps a perfect balance between efficiency and freedom.]

§3

[KEY-QUESTION: *What are the two kinds of government and how do they differ?*]

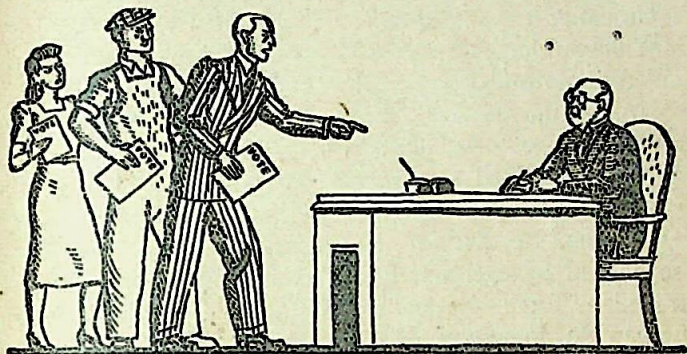
Throughout the world today people are faced with a choice between various kinds of government. There are rival political doctors, each with his own kind of medicine; each promises to cure us of our sickness if we put ourselves under his treatment. And poor Mr Man-in-the-Street, whether he lives in Bombay or Dublin or Stockholm or Rio de Janeiro, feels terribly puzzled, and wonders how to choose.

Shall we be chemists for a little while and analyse the medicines offered by the doctors? Let us see how they stand our two tests, because, as citizens of the world, each one of us has to make his choice. By the time we have finished our analysis we shall find that we can divide these various kinds of governments, which the political doctors offer us, into two main groups.

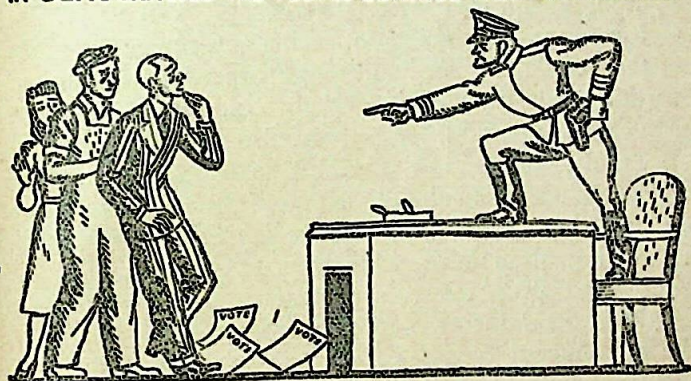


In the first kind, the individual citizen can think and say more or less what he likes. The government is responsible to the people: it has been elected by them at free elections, and they can elect a different set of people to govern them if the majority of the voters wish for a change. In countries which belong to this group, which we call 'democracies', [the result of this freedom generally is that people are not afraid to think and say whatever they please about the rulers: there is better and better education, a rising standard of living, and more and more equality between the different classes of people.] It is not so, however, in all such countries. In some of them, the

power of the people who have great wealth is still strong, and there are great differences between the way of life of the rich and that of the poorest. There is very little planning, and often much waste. It is not surprising that



IN DEMOCRACIES THE PEOPLE CONTROL THEIR GOVERNMENT



IN DICTATORSHIPS THE GOVERNMENT CONTROLS THE PEOPLE

some of the democratic governments are more efficient than others; for democratic governments are elected by the people, and they are therefore like the people who elect them. If the people are wise, they will elect a good

government; if they are stupid, they will elect stupid men and women to govern them. [It has been said that 'each nation gets the kind of government it deserves'. If our government is stupid, it is because we were stupid in choosing it. We are free to change it if we wish.]

When we look at the other group of States, which are called 'dictatorships', we see that their governments have complete control over the life of the people in every way. Industries are owned and run by the State, and everything is planned by officials. At the very top of the State is *One Man*, the leader, the dictator. He orders everything. He dictates. The dictator's every wish must be obeyed by everyone. [Any opposition to him is destroyed by force—by death. Like the kings of olden times, he can do no wrong. His officials obey him as soldiers obey a general. A common man may not speak or write or even think for himself.] ex

[Now, if it were possible for such a government to make all the people happier and more prosperous, it *might* be worth having, though I personally would not like to live in such a State, (and I think) you also would not like to do so.] But up to now none of the States governed by dictators has been able to give its people more benefits than the best of the democracies. [Conditions of work and living show no improvement. Equality is further away than ever. Most important of all, Liberty—the freedom to think freely, to discuss freely, and to change the government freely—is lost.] ex

§4

[KEY-QUESTION: *How can we help to bring about a better civilization?*]

So there we are. We must turn back to the first kind of government, democracy. Even though it is not perfect in many ways, it is better in the most important

thing, freedom to choose and to change. [History teaches us that there are no short cuts to a good life; it has to be earned and deserved by each one of us.] [We must have planning for a good life, but not at the cost of liberty.] We must go forward towards a better kind of life as fast as possible, but not faster than people are ready to go freely, of their own will, and not at the point of a gun. } ex

How can we go forward more quickly? Can it be done by violent revolutions and wars? Some people believe that it can happen in that way, and only in that way. [They are ready to beat and kill everyone who refuses to agree with them, everyone who will not take the kind of medicine they think to be the best.]

There are also some wiser people—they are very few—who refuse to believe that you can make men wiser and more friendly by beating and killing. [They say that noble ends can never be gained by evil methods.] Such were Buddha and Ashoka and Jesus Christ. In our own time and in our own country, such was Mahatma Gandhi, whose only weapons were non-violence and truth.

We often hear people say that most human beings have not yet progressed far enough for them to follow completely the methods of truth and non-violence. That is very true. Somebody has described the people of our time as having the powers of gods and the minds of school-children. [A peasant once said to a great Russian writer: 'You can fly in the air like birds, and swim in the sea like fish, but you don't know how to walk on the earth like men.'] ex. Smp.

There is no need to be unhappy because human beings have not yet learned to manage their affairs perfectly. We must not forget that the human race is still very, very young. C. E. M. Joad, in his little book *The Story of Civilization*, has made the following calculation: if we

MAN STILL HAS
100,000 YEARS TO
LEARN HOW TO LIVE

ENTIRE PAST OF
MAN EQUALS
ONE MONTH

CIVILIZED TIME
EQUALS SEVEN OR
EIGHT HOURS

compare the whole period in which living creatures have existed on the earth to 100 year^{us}. Man has existed on the earth for one month out of that period, and the civilizations which have been created by men have existed only for seven or eight hours of that time. Man's life on the earth will go on as long as the sun gives heat, and that may be for a period 1,000 times as long as the 100 years in which life has existed on the earth. So, if Man's civilized past has lasted seven or eight *hours* up to the present, we still have 100,000 *years* in which to improve in civilization!

[Our goal is to be educated 'to walk on the earth like men', and to learn to take each step forward towards that goal.] Even now, we find in some countries people who were very warlike formerly, but who have grown up to be very peace-loving. Such people, for example, are the Swedes and the Swiss. It is necessary that people all over the world should be educated in that way. For, if all of us do not learn our lessons in time, we shall go on having one terrible war after another. Like the huge fighting animals which lived long ago on the earth—the dinosaurs and brontosaurus—the human race will destroy itself.

How can we stop this from happening? By people being taught to think freely and to think new thoughts. (A clever person once pointed out that if everybody had always thought the same as his parents, we should all of us have remained savages!) *ex*

[Where do you and I come into this? Each of us has a share in it, because the world is made up of us all and we cannot live separately.] As the poet, John Donne, wrote long ago:—

(No man is an island, entire of itself: every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less . . . Any

man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind.)^{ex}

We are all members of the one human family. We must stand or fall together. We must take help from other human beings in order to live. They need us, and we need them.

NOTES

§1

intelligent: wise, able to think clearly. **Federation:** explained further on in the same paragraph. **created:** made. **governs:** rules. **benefit:** advantage, help. **taxes:** money which has to be paid to a ruler or a government. **goal:** place which one wishes to reach. **leisure:** free time. **sacrifice:** offer, give up. **community:** group of people belonging to the same caste, religion, or race.

§2

savages: uncivilized people. **efficient:** working well, doing work thoroughly. **recreation:** amusement, something done for the sake of health and pleasure. **sympathy:** understanding and kindness. **political shoe:** the author compares government to a shoe. If it is a good shoe, it can be worn without hurting the wearer, and only the man who wears the shoe knows whether a shoe hurts or not. **'Politics'** is the art of government. **political end:** purpose of being governed. **problem:** question which must be solved, difficulty. **century:** one hundred. Here it means one hundred years; this century is the hundred years from 1901 to 2000, the twentieth century A.D. (=after Christ's birth). **tyranny:** harsh government by a single ruler or a small number of powerful men. **balance:** level, equality of weight on both sides. (A balance is also an instrument for finding the weight of things.)

§3

rival: opposing, trying to overcome each other. **Mr Man-in-the-Street:** the ordinary man. **puzzled:** unable to solve a problem, or to act rightly. **chemists:** scientists who study substances. **analyse:** find out what a thing is made of. **individual:** single. **responsible:** having a duty towards. **elected:** chosen by voting. **majority:** greatest number. **rising standard of living:** ability to live in a better and better way. **planning:** thinking ahead, preparing for

future action. stupid: not wise. Industries: making of articles for use. dictator: one who rules others just as he pleases, without obtaining their consent. opposition: speaking or acting against. he can do no wrong: he cannot be punished. prosperous: wealthy. benefits: good things, advantages. discuss: exchange opinions.

§4

short cut: quick way of doing something. at the point of a gun: in fear of being killed. revolutions: sudden and complete changes. dinosaurs and brontosaurus: animals like very big lizards, up to one hundred feet long, including the tail; they existed on earth millions of years ago, and all died. Their skeletons have been found.

EXERCISES

1. Why is it necessary to have a Federation in India? In what ways would a World Federal Government be useful?
2. How have men progressed? In what ways has the world progressed in the past 5,000 years? In what ways have we not progressed?
3. What are the tests of good government?
4. What are the advantages and disadvantages of (a) dictatorship, (b) democracy?
5. How can we help to create a better civilization?

2. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

FROM THE BIBLE

This passage is from the New Testament of the Bible. It is part of the great sermon which Christ preached to a crowd of people who had gathered to hear him on the slope of a mountain in the north of Palestine. In this sermon he told the people in what way his teachings were different from those of other Jewish teachers, and how he wanted his followers to live.

§1. WHAT IS PERFECTION?

[KEY-QUESTION: *To what extent did Christ advise his followers to show kindness to others, and why?*]

AND seeing the multitudes, Jesus went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:...

Ye have heard that it hath been said, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth": but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. [And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.] Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away.]

Ye have heard that it hath been said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy." But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you; what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect...

§2. TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW

[KEY-QUESTION: What are the reasons mentioned by Christ against storing up money or property?]

‘Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also ... No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the

love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.' ॥६॥

And he said unto him: 'Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.'

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus: 'And who is my neighbour?'

And Jesus answering said: 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.'

'And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.'

'And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.'

'But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.'

'And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him: "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." ॥७॥

'Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves?'

And he said: 'He that showed mercy on him.'

Then said Jesus unto him: 'Go, and do thou likewise.'

NOTES

§1

multitudes: crowds, many people. when he was set: when he was seated, sitting down. (We do not use the word 'set' in this way now. The English used in this translation of the Bible is the English of

Shakespeare's time, more than three hundred years ago. You will find some words used here, and in 'The Death of Julius Caesar', which we do not use with the same meanings now.) Ye: you (the old form of the plural). it hath been said: it has been said (by writers of the old religious books of the Jews). An eye for an eye: whatever injury a man does to you, you may do an equal injury to him in return. (See introductory note on the poem 'Yussouf'.) resist not evil: this is the famous doctrine of 'non-resistance'. (See note on go with him twain, below.) smite: hit. Thou, thee, thy: old forms of the second person singular: 'you' and 'your'. sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat: bring a lawsuit against you, to take away property from you. cloke (now spelt 'cloak'): a sleeveless overcoat. go with him twain: go two miles with him. The idea is that one ought to show in one's actions that one does not care at all for possessions, and that one is ready to suffer any amount of inconvenience or pain rather than to increase evil by resisting it. Christ's teaching is that *evil can never be ended by opposing it with hate; it can only be ended by means of its opposite, that is, love.* This was Gandhiji's teaching also. despitefully use you: behave cruelly to you. persecute: intentionally cause pain. your Father which is in heaven: God. if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?: you do not deserve any praise for loving those who love you, because that is an easy thing to do. publican: this word has completely changed its meaning; it now means a tavern-keeper, a man who keeps a shop where alcoholic liquor is sold. But in the Bible the word means a 'tax-collector'. The Jews hated the tax-collectors, because they were very often greedy, and cruel, and tried to take more money from the people than the amount of the taxes. salute your brethren only: 'brethren' is the old plural form of 'brother'. If you behave politely to those whom you like, you don't deserve praise; it is a thing which every decent person does. But you should behave politely even to those who are rude and cruel to you. That is, always return good for evil. That is the law of perfection. Buddha also taught that 'hatred never at any times ceases by hatred; hatred ceases only through love'.

§2

Lay not up: do not hoard, do not store up. moth: insects which destroy cloth. rust: the process of decay (by oxidation) which destroys metals. corrupt: rot, destroy. treasures in heaven: spiritual wealth. where your treasure is, there will your heart be also:

if you store up material wealth, you will always be anxious about that. mammon: the god of wealth. take no thought for: do not be anxious about. raiment: clothing. fowls: birds. barns: buildings where corn and hay (dried grass) are stored. cubit: the distance from finger-tip to elbow-joint, about eighteen inches. stature: height of body. Solomon: one of the most famous kings of the Jews. He was very wealthy, and lived in great luxury and splendour. arrayed: dressed or displayed for a grand occasion. oven: place in which materials are dried or cooked. (The 'ov' is pronounced like the 'ov' in the word 'above'.) O ye of little faith: you who are so difficult to convince. Wherewithal: with what means. Gentiles: those who are not Jews. (Christ was addressing an audience of Jews, and the Jews thought they were much better than other people, so he uses the word 'Gentiles' as we should use the word 'barbarians' or 'outsiders'. Christ was also a Jew by birth.) the kingdom of God: that is, not a worldly kingdom, but the condition of perfection of character, which can be attained by the means described in §1. all these things shall be added unto you: your bodily needs will be provided if you aim at perfection of character rather than wealth. (From this teaching arose the idea that monks and priests should not concern themselves with earning a livelihood; they must depend on charity or whatever comes to them.) Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof: this has become a well-known proverb. It means: there is enough trouble and evil in the life of every day; don't add to that, by being greedy about getting things for yourself.

§3

tempted: tested (this is an old use of the word). to inherit eternal life: to live for ever in a perfect state, to become perfect. the Law: the Jewish holy books. love thy neighbour as thyself: you must do as much to help your neighbour as you do to help yourself and your family. justify himself: show that he was right. Jericho: a town in Palestine, at some distance from Jerusalem. stripped: tore off, took away completely. raiment: clothing. Levite: member of the Jewish priestly caste. Samaritan: person belonging to a race of people despised by the Jews; thus the person who might be expected to hate a Jew was the only one who helped him. Jesus meant to teach that one must show kindness to all men, whatever their race or community. compassion: pity. oil and wine: olive oil was used for making wounds heal, and wine to clean them. set: seated (as in §1). beast: animal. inn:

small hotel. morrow. next day. two pence: the Roman penny, used in Palestine, was worth much more than the English penny. host: one who entertains guests (here it means the hotel-keeper). likewise: in the same way.

APPRECIATION

Like Buddha, Jesus spoke to the people in the language of his own country. His disciples, who wrote the four 'gospels' (which means the 'good news' of his teaching) translated as much as they could remember of his sermons into the Greek language, which was the language of the educated people of that time, like Sanskrit in India. This English translation was made from the Greek gospels, just after the time when Shakespeare lived. (Akbar was emperor of Hindustan then.) But, even though it is a translation of a translation, there is something splendid about the prose of the English Bible and it has had a great influence on English literature.

EXERCISES

1. What is a 'parable'? Is the story of the Good Samaritan a parable? What does it teach?
2. Jesus says that we must not 'resist evil'. What does this mean? Is it right in your opinion?
3. In what ways was Gandhiji's teaching the same as that of Christ?
4. What changes would take place if men and women followed Christ's teaching to 'take no thought for the morrow'? Is it possible to do that?

3. SCIENCE AND HAPPINESS

F. G. PEARCE

Though the words in this passage are easy to understand, it has to be carefully read in order to be understood fully. But if it helps you to find out why there is unhappiness and how it can come to an end, it is surely worth trying to understand clearly. Read §7 slowly and see if you can get the full meaning. Then do exercises 6 and 7 at the end.

§1. WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

[KEY-QUESTIONS: *What is happiness? On what does our happiness depend?*]

IN the previous chapters¹ we have learned how many of the wonderful discoveries of scientists make our life more comfortable, more safe, and more interesting. But if we ask the question, 'Have these discoveries made men *happier*?', it is difficult to give a true answer. The chief difficulty in giving a true answer is because happiness is not a material thing which can be given to us like food or a motor-car or a radio set. *It is in our minds.* Think carefully and you will see that this is so. (If you get something which pleases you, the happiness is not in the *thing* but in your *mind* which finds the thing pleasurable. *J. Amuly. Srip.*)

There is another point about happiness which is also worth thinking about. [Happiness does not depend upon the number of things you have, nor does it come to you when you try to get it and keep it. (On the contrary, it depends on *the fewness of your wants*.)] Think about this also carefully. A man who has many wants always wants more. He wants one thing and tries to get it. He gets it but he is not satisfied. He wants something else. The more he gets, the more he wants. Is not that true of most people who want wealth or power or high position? Most people are like that, even if their wants are for smaller things. A boy wants a bicycle. His father gives him one. He sees someone with a better bicycle, so he wants one like that. When he is a little older, he wants a motor-cycle. Then he wants a motor-car. If he has enough money to buy one, he wants another and a bigger one. And so on. But a man who has few wants, whether he is poor or rich, has a much better

¹ This is the last chapter of the book *What science has done for man*, published by The Orient Publishing Co., Tenali.

chance of being happy. The wisest men in the world have taught us that the only complete happiness is when one wants nothing. It is difficult for us to be like that. [But it is true that merely having more does not make us happier. That is why most people are not happier today, even with the many wonderful and useful new things that Science has discovered and given us.]

§2. HOW SCIENCE IS MAKING US HAPPIER

[KEY-QUESTION: *How has Science made us happier?*]

Some of the things which Science has given us have certainly helped to make our lives happier. Science has helped us to get rid of many sicknesses of the body. That is a great thing. It is difficult to be happy if your body is full of pain. Scientists have made many discoveries that have helped to make pain less, and to get rid of the causes of pain and sickness. By making it possible to cure terrible diseases—such as malaria, enteric, smallpox, plague, pneumonia and tuberculosis—Science has made longer the life of the average man. In 1900 every baby born in the U.S.A. could be expected to live less than 50 years. Fifty years later, the health conditions had so much improved that the average length of life was nearly 70 years. A few hundred years ago (as in India even now) the average length of life was less than 30 years. But is it certain that people were less happy in those times? What is the use of living longer, unless you are also happy?

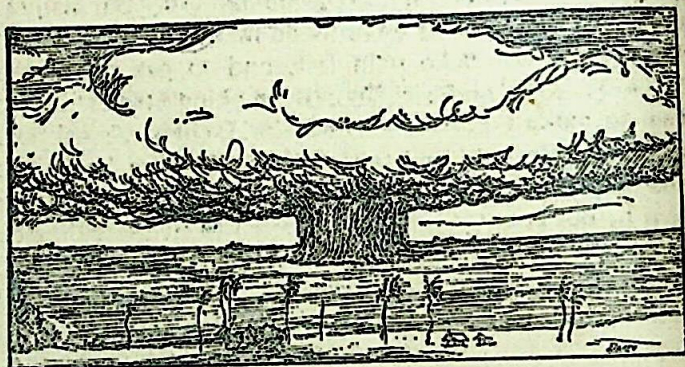
Science is helping Man to produce much more food from the earth. By this, it is helping to get rid of famine and to prevent sickness due to not having enough food to eat. It has also made possible the sending of quick relief to places where there is shortage of food and medicines, with the help of motor-lorries, railway trains, ships and aeroplanes. That is also very good, and many

lives are saved in such ways. But in India and some other countries, such as Indonesia and South America, the number of people is increasing faster than the food supply. Science has not yet found out how to solve that problem. It is a very serious problem, because there will be worse and worse famines unless it is solved; and people certainly cannot be happy if they are starving, can they?)

§3. WHAT UNHAPPINESS HAS SCIENCE BROUGHT?

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why have some discoveries of scientists brought unhappiness?*]

There are also many discoveries of Science which have definitely brought unhappiness into the world. That is



Explosion of an atomic bomb

not ^{for} because the discoveries are bad, but because men are using them badly. For example, consider the discovery of gunpowder and of other explosives, each more powerful than the previous one discovered. In ancient times, men could wound and kill each other only if they were near enough to strike each other with stones, arrows, spears or swords. Even in the battles of olden times, which History calls 'great battles', the armies on both sides usually consisted only of a few thousand men, so

the number wounded and killed in the wars of those times was not very great. In most wars (except a few, such as the wars which destroyed the Roman Empire) the peasants went on cultivating their fields peacefully, even when the armies were fighting a few miles away. But the invention of fire-arms and high explosives caused a great change. A modern machine-gun, or quick-firing gun, worked by a single man, can wound and kill hundreds of people in a few minutes. One modern bomb can kill thousands. It is said that the latest type of atomic bomb could kill hundreds of thousands of people immediately, if it was dropped on a big city.

The scientists who invented these terrible weapons are not wicked men who enjoy killing. They are people with kind hearts, like yours and mine, but they are more clever, and they earn their living by discovering new things. It is the leaders of the various nations who employ them to make discoveries which can be used to kill the people of other nations. The same discoveries could be used only for useful purposes, if the leaders did not allow them to be used for killing. Explosives are not harmful if they are used for such purposes as helping to get coal, metals, and other materials out of the earth. The same motors and aeroplanes which are used to carry guns and drop bombs, can be very useful for good purposes. So you see that it is not the discoveries and inventions that are bad but the ways in which men use them.

Now let us try to find out why men use them for harmful purposes. It is not easy to find this out, but it is very important. Unless you can find it out, there will be more and more terrible wars in your own time; and if we go on like that, our grandchildren will not be able to live in this world at all. The earth will become a desert, and mankind will come to an end.

§4. WHY MEN USE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES TO KILL

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why do men use scientific discoveries to cause pain and destruction?*]

Why do the leaders of the various nations want to have such terrible weapons, and such great armies of soldiers with aeroplanes and bombs, and warships with great guns? It is because they are afraid that other nations will attack them with their aeroplanes and armies, and will conquer them. Why do nations want to attack each other?

It is either because they want to become more wealthy, or to become more powerful by controlling more people and land. (When a neighbouring country has lands which are fertile, or rich in minerals such as oil, coal, etc., greedy men want to possess such lands, or to control them so that they can get hold of their wealth.) Even in ancient times wars were caused by the same thing, and neighbouring kings tried to conquer each other's countries in order to become more powerful. }

There is sometimes another reason, too, especially in our own time. People who believe that only their own religion is true, or only their own ideas about government are true, often want to force others to accept those ideas and those ways of action. In past times, terrible wars have been caused in that way. The Muslim invasions of India were due to such causes. The wars between the Catholics and Protestants of Europe in the seventeenth century were caused in the same way. Whole countries or regions were laid waste in those wars, and lakhs of people were killed, or died of starvation and disease. The Second World War was due to a mixture of both causes. Hitler, and the other leaders of the German, Italian and Japanese nations, wanted to get control of the lands and wealth of other peoples, and therefore they invaded those countries. But they also wanted to force others to accept

A kind of Government

their ideas of government—the ideas of Nazism and Fascism. तान्त्रिकी

In our own time there is a similar struggle going on, though it has not yet become a World War, and we all hope it will not. The Communist Parties in all countries believe that only their own ideas about government, and about how people should live, are the right ones. They believe that if everyone is compelled to accept those ideas (the ideas of Communism) the world will be a happier place. (Therefore they believe that it is right to overthrow the governments of countries which are not Communist; and they are willing to do that even if it has to be done by violent revolution, war and bloodshed.) They believe it is the present system of ownership (capitalism) and the present system of government (parliamentary democracy) in non-Communist countries which have made men greedy for wealth and power. They believe that if those systems can be overthrown and a Communist system set up, men will become less selfish and more happy.

Nazis and Fascists and Communists are all alike in one thing: they believe that men's characters are mostly the result of the systems of government and ownership of property under which they live. Therefore, they say, if you want to make men better and happier, you must have a better system of government and of ownership of property. To them, the change of the system is therefore the important thing: if necessary it must be changed by revolution and violence and war; but it must be changed. Then only will men's characters change, they say.

It is important to find out whether this is true or not. If it is true, then the most important thing is to change the system of ownership of property and the system of government. But, before you can decide whether it is true or not, you must hear the arguments on the other side, and must consider them with equal care.

§5. HOW SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT ARE MADE

[KEY-QUESTION: *How can we create better systems of government and of ownership of property, and make them work properly?*]

Is it true that men's characters are mainly the result of systems of government and of ownership of property? Or are those systems the result of the characters of the men who make them? Perhaps you will think that this is rather like asking the question: 'Which came first, the hen or the egg?' But let us try to find out more about it. A 'system of government' or a 'system of ownership of property' does not grow like a tree: it is made by men. It is the result of their ideas and their characters. Why do we like to possess property? Why do we like to have a high position? Is it not because a man who has wealth, or who is in a high position, has power over other men? We *like* to feel, 'I am more important than So-and-so', 'I can make those people obey me'. Nearly everyone feels like that, or has felt so.

A nation (such as India, Germany, the U.S.A., Russia, Japan) consists of the *people*, the men and women who live in the country, controlled by their government. The nation *India* is not the name or the land: it is you and me and the thirty crores of other men and women who live in India. The nation is ourselves. It is what we are. If we are peace-loving and really non-violent in our *thoughts*, as well as in our words and actions, then our nation and its government will be peace-loving and non-violent. If we are selfish and greedy, our government will be based on selfishness and greed. Our government will not be able to change the system into a new system based on unselfishness and kindness, unless we change.

This is more true in our time than it was in ancient times; for, in ancient times, the power of government was usually in the hands of one man—the king. If he hap-

pened to be a kind and unselfish man, he could set up a just and good government for a few years while he was alive. It was so in the time of Ashoka, Akbar, and Shivaji. But such governments usually ended with the kings who set them up. In modern times, when governments are set up by the votes of the people, the government consists of the leaders chosen by the people—and they are neither better nor worse than the people who choose them. They make the systems of government and the systems of ownership that the people really want. If they do not do so, the people refuse to vote for them at the next election. [Therefore, if we have a system of government in which there is a struggle for power among the leaders, it is because we ourselves have the same desire in our hearts, the desire to get power over others. If we have a system of ownership of property based on greed and selfishness, it is because we ourselves have the desire for more possessions, even if others have to get less than their share in order that we may have more.] So, you see, the system of government and the system of ownership of property are the result of what we are and what we desire. To change those systems, we must therefore begin with ourselves. (When enough people are different, the systems will change because the people want them to change; it will not be necessary to force them by violence and fear.)

This is the argument of those who believe that violent revolutions will never solve the problems of the world. They say that revolution must begin in the hearts of each one of us, and not by force from outside. They say that, even if a violent revolution takes place, the desire for power, the desire to be in a position of authority over others, will still go on. As long as those desires remain, even under a new system of government and a new system of ownership, there will still be the struggle for power,

and that will cause the same old problems to arise in a new way. [Those problems cannot be solved by changing the system, but only by changing the desires of the men who make the systems, the minds and hearts of you and me and all the others.] V. Gump.

§6. WHY WE WANT THINGS FOR OURSELVES

[KEY-QUESTIONS: *What is the cause of unhappiness, and how can we get rid of it?*]

Is it possible to change the hearts of men? Is it possible to change our way of thinking and feeling? That is the really important question. We began this chapter by discovering that happiness is not the result of having a great many things, but it is in the *mind*; it is the result of not having many wants: it depends on how we think and feel. So let us for a few minutes consider why we want things for ourselves, and whether it is possible to change.

Why do you and I want more and more possessions, more and more fame, more and more power over others? Why do we want more of everything that we think is likely to give us pleasure? Is it not because we think of ourselves in a different way from others? We don't really want more for others unless they 'belong' to us in some way—because they are our relatives or special friends. So when we want for others who belong to us, we are really wanting for ourselves. Why do we want for ourselves?

It is strange that Science has given us new and wonderful knowledge about nearly all the things of the world around us, but it has not helped us much to have *knowledge of ourselves*. Do we really know why we do things, why we say things, why we think things, and why we are what we are? Do we ever try to find out? We are so busy getting knowledge of other things, and getting wealth and power, that we hardly ever find time to understand

ourselves. (But the wise men of ancient times knew that self-knowledge is very important for happiness. They have told us that it is the most important kind of knowledge. Some scientists of our own time are also beginning to discover this.)

The science of the study of Man's mind is called psychology. Let us end this book with a little study of that science. If we have more *self-knowledge*, perhaps we can learn to use wisely the other knowledge which Science has given us, and not misuse it to make ourselves unhappier and perhaps even to destroy mankind in the end.

There is a great truth which was taught long ago by the wise men of ancient times, and which scientists of our own time are discovering again. It is this. There is only one Life in the whole universe: things seem to be separate; but their separateness is not real. The separateness is what appears to us; it is what we think. The truth is that all are parts of One Life. In the chapter of this book on 'Science and Materials' we learned that 'all materials are made of two or more of the "elements" or principal substances of the universe, combined in various quantities and in various ways'. Scientists have now found out that even those elements or principal substances are made of combinations of an extremely small unit of matter, which they call the 'atom'. And recently they have begun to find out even how to 'split the atom'. And, when they have done that, what have they found? They have found that the atom is 'energy' or 'force'. It is not a 'thing' at all. Electricity is a tremendous 'force'; it is not a 'thing'. We can see it working when it heats the thin wires in our electric-light bulbs and makes them glow and give us light. We can feel it working when it gives us a shock. But we cannot see or feel electricity itself, for it is not a thing but a force; it is the energy of Life, working in a particular way.

(Scientists have now found out that everything is a form of energy, or Life, working in one way or another. There are many ways of working, but only one Life. The separateness of things, and of ourselves, is only an appearance.) *विशाली external share*

§7. WHAT WE THINK, WE BECOME

[KEY-QUESTION: *What is the mistake our minds are making?*]

What has all this to do with our wants and our happiness? Let us examine it. Our minds (which explain to us what our eyes see) tell us that things are separate. But our minds are making a mistake. All our unhappiness is caused by that mistake. It is very important for us to see this and to understand it. When we see it, we shall think differently; we shall not continue to make that mistake when we see that it is a mistake. If you see a piece of rope on the ground and think that it is a snake, you are afraid of it. As soon as you see that you have made a mistake, and that it is only a rope, your fear disappears, and you laugh!

All our desires to get more for ourselves, and to get power over others, are owing to this mistake which our minds are making all the time. My mind thinks that 'I' am separate from others, and that 'I' must be satisfied even if 'others' have to suffer in order that 'I' may have more. If anyone says or does something that 'I' do not like, 'I' get angry and want to hurt someone else, because 'I' was hurt. If 'I' do not get what 'I' want, or if 'I' cannot get it again and again, and more and more of it, 'I' am unhappy. The desire for more possessions and more power over others is so strong that it makes men do the most terrible things. It makes them cruel and merciless. It makes them willing to kill each other to get what they want. It will destroy our civilization and perhaps it will

destroy mankind on the earth, unless we understand its cause and how to get rid of it.] The cause is 'our wrong thinking, our thinking that we are *separate*. The 'I', which I think of as 'myself', is the result of my thought of 'I'. There is no 'I' except in my mind, in the thoughts which the mind makes. All our troubles come from this. We separate ourselves from others by thinking of ourselves as belonging to separate races, religions, castes, parties, nations, and classes; and we fight each other because of such thinking. All these separatenesses have been made by our own thoughts, for in reality there is only one Life, not only in men but in the whole Universe. Science is helping us to understand that. (When we really understand it, we shall no longer think wrongly. And when our thinking is right, our actions will be right. For, as Buddha said long ago: '*What a man thinks, he becomes.*' That is true also according to the science of Psychology.)

EXERCISES

1. Have not the many wonderful inventions of Science made men happier than they were in ancient times? If not, why not?
2. Why do men use the useful discoveries of Science for destroying each other?
3. 'If you want to make men better and happier, you must first have a better system of government and of ownership of property.' Is this true? Discuss it.
4. What is a 'nation'?
5. What is the great truth taught long ago by the wise men of ancient times, which scientists of the present time are re-discovering?
6. What is 'the mistake which our minds are making, which causes all the unhappiness in the world'?
7. 'What a man thinks, he becomes.' Explain this, and why it is important to understand it.

Note { ६३ अध्याय - २ ई. जही लोचना हमारी गल्ली है।
२९० आत्मनिष्ठा

GROUP A:

POEMS WHICH TELL US WHAT OTHERS FEEL

60. 63. 1. THE BLIND BOY - *sub.*

COLLEY CIBBER (ADAPTED)


This poem is supposed to be spoken by a boy who has always been blind. The words 'light' and 'bright', and other words which we use to describe what we see, have no meaning for him. For us it is 'night' when it is dark, but for the blind boy night is only the time when he sleeps. When you read this poem, try to feel what the blind boy feels.

§1

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why cannot the blind boy understand that the sun is the cause of day and night?*]

O SAY, what is the thing called 'light'

Which I can never enjoy?

What is the happiness of 'sight'? *देखना*, 

O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wonderful things you 'see';

5

You say the sun shines 'bright':

I feel him warm—but how can he

Make for you day and night?

My day or night myself I make

Whenever I sleep or play,

10

And all the time that I'm awake

For me it's always day!

§2

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why does the blind boy feel happy even without sight?*]

I often hear you pity me

Because my life's so sad; *life is*

But should I any happier be

51

To see what's cruel and bad?]

gmp. { And so, although your world I lack,
I live in mine with joy;
For it's my own, although it's black,
And I'm a poor blind boy!

gmp. 20

NOTES

§1

My day or night... I make: the sun does not make my day and night, but I make it myself: it is day when I am awake, and night when I sleep. (In poetry the usual order of words is often changed: in prose we should say 'I myself make my day or night'.)

§2

should I any happier be: should I be any happier (this is also not the prose order of the words). lack: have not, do not possess.

EXERCISES

1. Suppose you had a blind boy as a friend and he asked you to tell him the advantages and disadvantages of sight, write down what you would say to him.

2. We have five 'senses' through which we know the world around us. Write down the names of the five senses in English, and what we use them for. If you had to do without one of the senses, which would you prefer to lose? Give the reasons for your answer.

3. Analyse into clauses the sentence: 'Say, what is the thing called "light" which I can never enjoy.' Parse the word 'called'.

2. VILLAGE SONG

SAROJINI NAIDU

V gmp.

In this poem the great Indian poetess Sarojini Naidu described the feelings of a village girl who had gone to the river Jamuna to fill her water-pots. While she was there, a boat came past, and the boatmen were singing. She listened to the song and forgot to fill her water-pots until darkness came on. It was a moonless night, and there were storm-clouds in the sky. The water-pots were

heavy, and she was afraid to go home in the dark, all alone. She imagines that she might tread on a snake in the dark, or meet an evil spirit. She imagines what her brother and her mother will say when she does not return. She prays to Sri Rama to help her and to guide her safely home.

§1

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why is the girl afraid?*]

FULL are my pitchers and far to carry,

Lone is the way, and long—

Why, O why was I tempted to tarry,

Lured by the boatmen's song?

Swiftly the shadows of night are falling;

Hear, O hear! Is the white crane calling?

Is it the wild owl's cry?

There are no tender moonbeams to light me;

If in the darkness a serpent should bite me,

Or if an evil spirit should smite me,

Ram re Ram! I shall die. *ex*

§2

[KEY-QUESTION: *What does the girl imagine will happen?*]

My brother will murmur, 'Why doth she linger?'

My mother will wait and weep,

Saying, 'O safe may the great gods bring her—'

The Jamuna's waters are deep.

The Jamuna's waters rush by so quickly,

(The shadows of evening gather so thickly

Like black birds in the sky...)

O! if the storm breaks, what will betide me?

Safe from the lightning where shall I hide me?)

Unless Thou succour my footsteps and guide me,

Ram re Ram! I shall die. *ex*

NOTES

§1

Full are my pitchers: pitchers=pots for holding liquids. In poetry the usual order of the words is often changed for the sake of the rhyme or metre. In prose we should say 'My pitchers are full, and I have to carry them far; the way is lonely and long'. tarry: delay. Lured: led away. the white crane... the owl's cry: when it is dark, the cries of birds are more frightening; the owl's cry is supposed to be a sign of evil. smite: strike. If... I shall die: the girl is afraid that she will be bitten by a snake or killed by an evil spirit, and she cries out to Sri Ram in fear.

§2

murmur: speak softly. linger: wait, delay. betide me: happen to me. Thou: when the 2nd person singular is used with a capital letter, it usually refers to God. succour: help.

EXERCISES

1. Write down in very simple words, in prose, the thoughts which were in the girl's mind, one after another. Do not omit any.

2. Imagine that the girl went home safely and told her mother what happened to her, and all the thoughts she had when she was frightened. Write down, in reported speech, what she would have said to her mother. Begin in this way: 'The girl told her mother that... She felt sorry that she had been tempted to... She was afraid when she heard... She thought she might die if...'

3. Have you ever felt frightened in the dark? Write a short description of an adventure in the dark, either real or imaginary.

3. THE VENGEANCE OF YUSSOUF

J. R. LOWELL

Yussouf was an Arab chief. The Prophet Mohammed lived and taught in Arabia about A.D. 600 (when Harsha was Emperor of India), and his religion of *Islam* (obedience to God) first spread among the Arab tribes who were herdsmen, keeping sheep and camels, living in tents and moving from place to place.

The Arabs of that time were rough and violent people, and if one did an injury to another it was usual for the injured one to take vengeance, returning evil for evil, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth', a life for a life. But the Prophet Mohammed taught these rough people that they must be brotherly to every fellow-Muslim, and hospitable to a guest, whoever he might be. So when a stranger came to Yussouf's tent, asking for protection and food, Yussouf welcomed him, fed him, and gave him a horse on which to escape. Then the stranger told him who he was. You will find out, when you read the poem that follows, what Yussouf did then.

When reading the poem, take care not to pause at the end of a line where there is no punctuation mark, e.g. lines 7, 9, 10, 23, 25. You must remember this when reading every poem; notice the lines which have no punctuation mark at the end.

§1

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why did Yussouf entertain the stranger?*]

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, 'Behold one outcast and in dread,
'Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
'Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
'I come to thee for shelter and for food,
'To Yussouf, called through all our tribes "the Good".' 5

'This tent is mine,' said Yussouf, 'but no more ✓

'Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;

'Freely shalt thou partake of all my store

'As I of His who buildeth over these ✓ 10

'Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,

'And at whose door none ever yet heard "Nay".' No 10

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,

And, waking him ere day, said: 'Here is gold; ✓

'My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight; 15

'Depart before the prying day grow bold.'

'As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,

'So nobleness enkindleth nobleness: ✓

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why did Yussouf increase his gifts to Ibrahim?*]

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
 Which shines from all self-conquest, kneeling low, } 20
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
 Sobbing: 'O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
 'I will repay thee; all this thou hast done have
 'Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!
 'Take thrice the gold,' said Yussouf, 'for with thee } 25
 'Into the desert, never to return,
 'My one black thought shall ride away from me.
 'First-born! for whom by day and night I yearn,
 'Balanced and just are all of God's decrees; wished
 'Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!' } 30

NOTES

This poem contains many beautiful thoughts and expressions. The metaphors and similes are particularly worth noticing.

§1

Behold one outcast and in dread: look at me, a man who is friendless and afraid. Against whose life... bent: whose life a powerful enemy is trying to take (by bending the bow, i.e. shooting). flies: it would be more grammatical to say 'flees' (from 'flee'), meaning 'runs away'. no more than it is God's: this tent is mine to use, but God gave it to me, so it is really His. partake: take a share. As I of His: you shall share all I have, just as I share God's gifts to all men. who buildeth... 'Nay': God has created the roof of night and day (the sky) to cover our tents. God never says 'No' to anyone who earnestly seeks Him. prying: trying to find out (by bringing to light). As one lamp... nobleness; when one lamp is lighted from another, the light of the first lamp does not become less. In the same way, a good deed done by one person to another encourages the other also to do good.

§2

inward light... self-conquest: the stranger's face shone with an 'inward light' because he had overcome his fear and decided

to tell the truth. Sheik: chief. that Ibrahim: the stranger confessed that he was Ibrahim, the man who had killed the Sheik's eldest son, and feared that the Sheik would take vengeance on him, thrice: three times. My one black thought shall ride away from me: my evil desire for vengeance, the one thing that troubled me, will go away when you ride away into the desert. Thou art avenged: Yussouf trusted in God's justice so completely that he believed it was God Himself who sent his son's murderer to him for hospitality, as a sign that he should *not* return evil for evil but should forgive the murderer. The murderer had been given forgiveness by Yussouf, as God wished, so the spirit of the dead son could 'sleep in peace'.

EXERCISES

1. Find the metaphors or similes in the following lines of the poem: 3, 11, 12, 16, 17-18, 27, 29. Explain briefly the comparisons suggested in each metaphor or simile.
2. Write a few lines on the ideas contained in lines 17-18, and in lines 19-20.
3. Why did Yussouf give the stranger 'thrice the gold'?
4. Learn this poem by heart.

GROUP B: POEMS WHICH TEACH A LESSON

1. THE ECHO

C. F. PAYNE

An echo is a sound which we hear repeated when a noise is made in an enclosed space, such as a valley between high hills, or inside a big hall. It is easy to mistake an echo for the voice of someone replying to us. That was the mistake of the boy in this poem.

§1

[KEY-QUESTION: *What did the shepherd boy think when he heard the echo?*]

'Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!' sang a shepherd lad,
Lying in the valley below;
And a voice from the hill called back again,
'Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!'

'Who's that? Who's that?' cried the shepherd lad, 5
With a start, as straight up he sat;
And the voice from the top of the hill called back,
'Who's that? Who's that? Who's that?'

'You're a fool!' he cried. He was rude, you see;
He had never been to school; 10
And he listened again, and the voice replied,
'You're a fool! You're a fool! fool! fool!'

I cannot repeat all the naughty words
That he shouted aloud, but I heard
Every word that he uttered, they all came back— 15
One after another—each word.

KEY-QUESTIONS: *What lesson did his grandfather teach him from this ?]*

Then homeward he ran, and big tears of hot rage
 Soon began both his eyes to fill;
 As he told his old grandfather all about
 The rude little boy on the hill. 20

'Twas the echo,' he said, 'of your voice, my dear boy!
 'Your own voice that surprised you so.
 'For the rude little boy was not up on the hill,
 'He was down in the valley below.

'If you use angry words, my dear boy, and unkind, 25
 'Then others will use them too;
 'Speak kindly to others, and then you will find
 'They will also speak kindly to you.'

NOTES

§1

start (noun): sudden movement.

§2

rage: anger.

EXERCISES

1. What is an echo? When do you hear an echo and what can it be mistaken for?
2. Why was the boy angry and what did he do?
3. What lesson did his grandfather teach him?
4. Tell a story about an echo which you heard, and what happened.

2. AFTER BLENHEIM

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Blenheim is the name of a place in central Europe where a great battle was fought in 1704 between the French on one side

and the English and the Austrians on the other side. It was an important battle in the war fought by the British and their allies to check the power of the French king Louis XIV, who was trying to conquer a large part of Europe.

In any violent struggle, those who defeat their enemies celebrate their 'great victories', but they often forget how much suffering those victories have caused to many innocent people. Not only are thousands of soldiers killed and wounded on both sides, but thousands of innocent women and children, and old and sick people, die from starvation and disease. In this poem a child asks why such a terrible thing is called a 'great victory'.

§1. THE RELIC OF VICTORY

[KEY-QUESTION: *What relic of the great victory did Peterkin find?*]

IT WAS a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green 5
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found; 10
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.
Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head, 15
And with a natural sigh
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.
'I find them in the garden,
'For there's many here about, 20

'And often when I go to plough
'Thé ploughshare turns them out,
'For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

§2. WHAT HAPPENED IN THE WAR

[KEY-QUESTION: *What happened in the war?*]

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,' 25
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
'And what they fought each other for.' 30

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
'But what they fought each other for
'I could not well make out.
'But everybody said,' quoth he, 35
'That 'twas a famous victory.'

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
'Yon little stream hard by;
'They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
'And he was forced to fly; 40
'So with his wife and child he fled,
'Nor had he where to rest his head.'

'With fire and sword the country round
'Was wasted far and wide,
'And many a childing mother then 45
'And new-born baby died;
'But things like that, you know, must be
'At every famous victory.'

They say it was a shocking sight
 'After the field was won;
 'For many thousand bodies here
 'Lay rotting in the sun;
 'But things like that, you know, must be
 'After a famous victory.

50

§3. WHAT WAS THE USE OF IT?

[KEY-QUESTION: ']

'Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won
 'And our good Prince Eugene.'

55

'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!

Said little Wilhelmine;

'Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl,' quoth he,

'It was a famous victory.

60

'And everybody praised the Duke,

'Who this great fight did win.'

'But what good came of it at last?

Quoth little Peterkin:—

'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,

65

'But 'twas a famous victory.'

NOTES

§1

sported: played. green: grassy place, lawn. Wilhelmine (pronounced 'Will-hell-meen'): a German girl's name. rivulet: little river, stream. stood expectant by: stood near, waiting to be told what it was ('by' is an adverb). sigh: deep breath (caused by sadness, in this case, when he saw the skull of the dead soldier). about: around (adverb). ploughshare: blade of the plough, which digs into the earth. slain: killed.

¹To be supplied by the student, as an exercise.

'twas: short for 'it was'. wonder-waiting: with wide-open eyes, eagerly waiting for a story. rout: complete defeat. make out: understand. quoth: said. Yon little stream hard by: near the little stream over there. fly: run away (grammatically it should be 'flee', but 'fly' has been used to rhyme with 'by'). Nor had he where to rest his head: he had nowhere to sleep. childing: going to have a child. field: the battle-field, fight.

Duke of Marlboro': the famous general in command of the British army. His name is properly spelt Marlborough. He was the ancestor of Sir Winston Churchill. Prince Eugene (pronounced 'Yu-jeen'): the Austrian general. Nay... nay: No! no!

EXERCISES

1. Find out from a history book 'what they fought each other for'. This war was called 'The War of the Spanish Succession'; it began in 1701.

2. Why did old Kaspar say 'Nay, nay', when the little girl said that "'Twas a very wicked thing'?

3. If the soldiers of a foreign country came to attack India, what would be the best thing to do, in your opinion?




3. THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

R. W. EMERSON

A 'fable' is a story which is intended to teach a lesson. Often it describes things which do not happen in real life, such as animals talking. In the following fable the poet imagines a conversation between a mountain and a squirrel, from which he teaches us that ability does not depend on size.

[KEY-QUESTION: *In the Squirrel's opinion, how was the Mountain inferior to him?*]

THE Mountain and the Squirrel

Had a quarrel,

And the former called the latter 'Little Prig';

Bun replied,

'You are doubtless very big,

'But all sorts of things and weather
'Must be taken in together
'To make up a year
'And a sphere.)

And I think it no disgrace
'To occupy my place.]

'If I'm not so large as you,
'You are not so small as I,
'And not half so spry:

I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel-track;

Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
'If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'

10

15

NOTES

Prig: one who is proud, who thinks he is very important. **Bun:** small animals (usually rabbits) are sometimes called 'bunnies'. 'Bun' is a shortened form of 'bunny'. Here it means the squirrel. **doubtless:** no doubt, certainly. **all sorts...** **sphere:** in a year we have sunny days and rainy days, clear days and stormy days, and the earth (a sphere) is made up of many things, from the smallest to the greatest. In the same way, both you (a big mountain) and I (a small squirrel) have a place in the world. **I think it no disgrace:** I am not ashamed. **spry:** lively, quick. **you make...** **squirrel-track:** one of the uses of a mountain is for squirrels to run races on! **Talents:** abilities. **all is...** **wisely put:** everything has been well arranged. **crack:** break.

EXERCISES

1. This poem tells us what the squirrel said to the mountain, but it does not tell us how the quarrel began. Imagine how it began. What did the squirrel do to make the mountain call it a 'little prig'? And what did the mountain say in reply to the squirrel's remarks? Write your answer in the form of a story.

2. In India we have many old stories which teach the same lesson as this poem teaches. Try to remember some of them. If

you cannot do that, make a story of your own which teaches the same lesson. (For example, there is the story of the lion who was caught in a net, and rescued by a mouse who cut the net with his teeth.)

3. Tell any other fable you can remember.

4. Use the following words correctly, in sentences:—the former; the latter; occupy; deny; talents; crack.

5. Write words which have the opposite meaning to the following:—quarrel; doubt; active; deny; different; wise.

Sulast. 1960 A. S. V. B. P.

4. ABOU BEN ADHEM

J. H. LEIGH HUNT

A person of whom it is said that 'he loves God' is often thought of as a person who does 'puja' regularly, goes to church frequently, says prayers many times a day, or makes many gifts to temples or religious societies. This poem is intended to show that if a person is truly religious, it is shown in his helpfulness to others. We can only 'love God' truly if we love and help those around us.

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why was Abou's name included in the list of those who love God?*]

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)—

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, खिलन हुआ

An angel writing in a book of gold. 5

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, गौरवपूर्ण

And to the presence in the room he said,

'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head, उभ.

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.' 10

['And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'

Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee then

Write me as one that loves his fellow men.' उभ.

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night 15
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

NOTES

In reading this poem, and in reciting it, care should be taken to observe the punctuation correctly.

Abou Ben Adhem: a Jewish name. may his tribe increase: may his family grow bigger in numbers and prosperity. saw... an angel: Abou had a vision in which he saw an angel. The angel wore white clothing which shone in the moonlight like a white lily, making the room beautiful. exceeding: very great. presence: great person. What writest thou?: what are you writing? ('Thou writest' is the second person singular, sometimes used in poetry.) accord: approval, consent. cheerly: cheerfully (he was not discouraged at the angel's answer). a great wakening light: he was awakened by the bright light of the angel's presence. led all the rest: Abou's name was at the top of the list, showing that he was accepted as the one who loved God most of all.

EXERCISES

1. Describe what Abou saw in the two visions he had.
2. The angel's presence in the room is described as 'making it rich, and like a lily in bloom'. Explain this simile.
3. Parse the following words: writing (1.5); exceeding (1.6); made (1.9); low (1.12); still (1.13); that (1.14); wakening (1.16).
4. Learn this poem by heart, and recite it.

GROUP C: POEMS DESCRIBING THE POETS' FEELINGS

1. THE SNARE

JAMES STEPHENS

The rabbit is a beautiful little animal, but rabbits increase in numbers very rapidly and do a great deal of damage to the farmers' crops. To prevent this, many of them are killed. One of the ways of killing them is very cruel. It is by means of a 'snare' or steel trap, in which is fixed some food which rabbits like to eat. When a rabbit tries to eat the food, a spring is released and two strong steel jaws come together, catching the rabbit between them.

The rabbit hurts itself terribly, in trying to escape, but it dies slowly, and in its pain it cries out, making a sound almost like that of a child. The poet describes his feelings when he hears the cry of the snared rabbit. It is a very simple but moving description.

[[KEY-QUESTION: *What was the cause of the poet's sad and anxious feeling?*]

I HEAR a sudden cry of pain!

There is a rabbit in a snare.

Now I hear the cry again,

But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where

He is calling out for aid — *help.*

Crying on the frightened air,

Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,

Wrinkling up his little face,

As he cries again for aid;—

And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place

Where his paw is in the snare;

Little one! Oh, little one!

I am searching everywhere

NOTES

snare: trap. **aid:** help. **frightened air:** this is a figure of speech. The poet says that the cries of fear and pain of the rabbit are so terrible that they cause fear to everything around; even the air is 'frightened' or full of fear. **wrinkling up his little face:** 'wrinkles' are marks caused by compression. In old age the skin becomes 'wrinkled'; wrinkles are also caused by weeping. The rabbit's face is wrinkled because of his suffering. **cannot find the place:** the snare is hidden in the long grass, but the rabbit's cries can be heard from afar; the poet wants to find the snare and set the rabbit free. **paw:** the foot of an animal. ←

EXERCISES

1. Make sentences of your own, using the following words:—
cry (as a noun); cry (as a verb); aid (as a noun); aid (as a verb);
call (as a noun); call (as a verb); frightened (as a verb); frightened
(as an adjective); place (as a noun); place (as a verb); search (as
a noun); search (as a verb).

2. Write verses 2 and 3 as prose, and analyse the passage into
clauses.

2. LEISURE

W. H. DAVIES

256th अंश
in substance

Modern life, especially in big towns and cities, is full of noise and hurry. Men and women are so busy doing things, making money, rushing about in trains and motor-cars, talking, reading, and even eating their meals in a hurry, that they have no time to 'stand and stare', that is, to watch silently all the beautiful and interesting things with which Nature surrounds us. The poet here tells us of some of the things we can enjoy if we watch silently.

[KEY-QUESTION: *What must we do, to make life rich and full?*]

WHAT is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?—

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows,—

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass,—

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night,—

No time to ^{to look at & turn} turn at Beauty's ^{glance} glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance,—

No time to wait ^{wait} till her mouth can
Enrich that ^{smile} smile her eyes began?

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

NOTES

Leisure (pronounced 'lezher' to rhyme with 'pleasure'): spare time; time which we can use as we please. care: anxiety, worry. stare: look with unmoving eyes, watch very carefully. boughs: branches of trees. squirrels...nuts: squirrels collect nuts and grain, as rats and mice do, and hide them in holes so that they may eat them when they feel hungry. Streams full of stars: when the sunlight falls on the moving water of a stream, it shines or twinkles as the light of the stars twinkles at night. Beauty's glance: this is the figure of speech called 'personification'; the poet refers to 'Beauty' as if it was a beautiful woman (hence the capital letter). 'Glance' means 'quick look'; so 'Beauty's glance' means 'the sudden sight of something beautiful', and 'Beauty's dancing feet' means 'the beautiful movement of things'. till her mouth... began: the poet continues the figure of speech, and says that we must wait patiently if we want to see 'Beauty's smile'. He says that a smile begins at the eyes, and becomes richer and more complete when the mouth also smiles. This is true. You can find out for yourself. if you watch yourself smiling! Try.

EXERCISES

1. Have you ever watched animals or birds or insects very silently? If you have not done so, please try the experiment, and write a description of some interesting things you see.

sympathetic

2. Mention some things which might be described as 'Beauty's glance', and some things which are 'Beauty's dance' (see note above).

3. Analyse the last two lines of this poem into clauses, and parse the words 'this', 'full' and 'stare'.

3. WHERE THE MIND IS WITHOUT FEAR

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

India's great poet, Rabindranath Tagore, became famous in his own country, Bengal, when he was quite a young man. He wrote stories and dramas and poems about the life of his own people, in the Bengali language. He composed beautiful music for his own songs. Later, he himself translated some of his own works into English, and this poem is from his first book published in England, which he called *Gitanjali*—song-offerings. These poems are prayers offered to God. In this poem Tagore describes the kind of freedom he wanted India to gain. It was written when India was still under foreign rule.

[KEY-QUESTION: *What is real freedom?*]

WHERE the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free; ^{lofty =} ~~divine~~

Where the world has not been broken up into ^{pieces} ~~frag-~~

aments by narrow domestic walls; ^{each state}

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards per-
fection; ^{constant} ~~constant~~

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way
into the dready desert sand of dead habit; ^{रुढ़ नदियाँ}

Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-
widening thought and action— ^{God.}

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my coun-
try awake.

NOTES

Where the mind . . . that heaven of freedom: all the clauses beginning with 'where . . .' are descriptions of 'that heaven of freedom'. The poet is praying to God (whom he addresses in the last line as 'my Father'), and asking that his country may gain a much greater freedom than freedom from foreign government. The highest kind of freedom (which he calls 'that heaven of freedom') is freedom of the *mind*. Without that kind of freedom, men become slaves even if they are free from foreign rule. the head is held high: when a man has no fear, he stands up straight; we bend our heads when we are frightened or ashamed. Where knowledge is free: where people are permitted to read, and hear, and discuss freely. fragments: broken pieces. domestic walls: divisions caused by feelings of caste, race, nationality, etc. There can be no true freedom where people are not free from feelings which make them unable to work together. Where words come out from the depth of truth: where people say what they really mean, and do not try to deceive. tireless striving: patient effort. This is a figure of speech in which the poet is thinking of a person with arms stretched out towards something he is trying very hard to reach, but which is difficult to reach quickly. He means that true freedom cannot be gained by a single successful effort, but we have to be always trying to get more and more complete freedom, by overcoming the defects in our own character, our selfishness and fear. clear stream of reason: this is another figure of speech—a metaphor—in which the poet compares reason (thought) to a river which flows across a sandy desert, and is lost in the sand. When you get into a habit, you act without thought; it is like the river (thought) being lost in the sand (habit). Unless we are thoughtful and watchful, we shall lose our freedom. the mind is led forward by Thee . . . action: our thought is 'narrow' if we think only of ourselves, and not of others. To be free, and to help others to be free, we must 'widen' our thoughts, and act for the benefit of all, not for ourselves only. The poet prays that God will 'lead' our minds to 'ever-widening thought and action'—that is, to be more and more thoughtful and helpful to others. let my country awake: our 'country' does not mean the place where we live, but the nation to which we feel we belong. The 'nation', India, is not a thing; it is an idea, a feeling of unity; it is ourselves, all the people of India. If our feeling of unity is not awake, we shall lose our freedom.

EXERCISES

1. Write down all the kinds of freedom you would like to have for yourself and for everyone in India.
2. Which kind of freedom do you consider to be the most important of all? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Learn this poem by heart, and recite it.

4. OZYMANDIAS

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

This beautiful poem shows how proud men are of their deeds, and how completely their work decays and vanishes. Even the greatest empires and strongest buildings are broken to pieces after a few hundred years.

[KEY-QUESTION: *What mighty works of this king remain?*]

I MET a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, (whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things;
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

NOTES

antique: ancient. trunkless: without a body. shattered visage: broken face. sneer: expression showing contempt. Which yet ... that fed: this passage means that the face of the statue shows that the sculptor understood what sort of a man this king was; he

carved the features so well that the king's character is clearly revealed, and thus the king's passions (pride, ambition) have survived longer than he himself (the heart that fed the passions) lived. pedestal: the foot or bottom part of the monument. Look on my works . . . and despair: there must have been a great city or empire all around; but it has completely vanished, and no one now even knows who Ozymandias was, or what he did. His empire is buried in the desert sand. decay: falling to pieces. colossal: huge, very big.

EXERCISES

1. I am sure you have visited one or more of the ancient ruined cities or old forts of India. Write down some of the thoughts which came into your mind on seeing them. (Don't copy the ideas written above, unless you yourself think they are true. Say what *you* really feel.)
2. Make sentences to show the correct use of the following words: shatter; sculpture; ambition; pedestal; wreck.
3. Write down adjectives formed from the following words: stone; desert; frown; sculpture; king; wreck; far.
4. Learn by heart the poem 'Ozymandias'.

GROUP D: POEMS WHICH TELL A STORY

1. THE KING AND THE ABBOT

ANONYMOUS

§1

[KEY-QUESTION: *With what punishment did the King threaten the Abbot, and why?*]

I'LL tell you a story, a story so merry
About an Abbot of Canterbury.

This Abbot a powerful man was he,
And almost as rich as a king might be.

The king called the Abbot to him one day: 5

'See here, Lord Abbot,' the king did say,
'You've a hundred servants, I've heard it told,
'And boxes of treasure of silver and gold:

'You're plotting against me, too, 'tis said,
'To set yourself up as king in my stead. 10

'So, listen well, for I take my vow
'By the crown of this country that's on my brow.

'Unless you can answer me questions three

'From your body your head shall severed be.'

Then the Abbot answered: 'My Lord and King, 15

'You have said, indeed, a very strange thing.

'Yet tell me Your Majesty's questions three,

'That Your Majesty quickly may answered be.'

'First,' said the king, 'when I'm on my throne

'In my royal robes and the jewels I own, 20

'With my crown that's more costly than any on earth,

'You must tell me *exactly what I am worth*.

'And next, you must tell me, without any doubt,

'*How soon I may ride the whole world about*.'

'And at my last question you must not shrink, 25
 'But tell me here truly *what I do think!*
 'Alas!' said the Abbot, 'I'm quite unfit
 'To answer such questions with my poor wit,
 'But yet, if Your Majesty will but wait,
 'I'll do my best to avoid my fate.' 30
 'Very well,' said the King, 'but I warn you here,
 'If with the right answers you don't appear
 'Within three weeks from this very day,
 'Your lands and your life shall be taken away.'

§2

[KEY-QUESTION: *What did the Shepherd offer to do for his master?*]

Away rode the Abbot, with sad pale face, 35
 To Oxford and Cambridge and many a place,
 'And he asked all the scholars those questions three;
 But by no one the questions could answered be.
 So home rode the Abbot, all worried and cold,
 And he met his old shepherd outside the sheep-fold. 40
 Said the shepherd, greeting his master dear:
 'What ails thee, my master, so sad and drear?'
 Quoth the Abbot: 'Alas! I've cause to grieve,
 'When this world in three weeks I'll surely leave;
 'For within those weeks I must answers give 45
 'To the king's three questions, if I would live.
 'I've asked all the wise men those questions three,
 'But by not one of them can they answered be.
 'I'd give all my wealth the answers to know,
 'For without them to death I must surely go.' 50
 'Now cheer up, Lord Abbot,' the old man said,
 'For a fool may venture where wise men dread.
 'Do you but lend me your clothes and your ring,
 'I'll ride to London to answer the king:

'For the folks all say (may I pardoned be)/ 55
 'I'm as like to Your Lordship as a wasp to a bee!
 'Take my clothes and my ring, old man. You may
 try;
 'For if you don't win, I must surely die,'
 Said the Abbot; and off to London town
 Rode the cunning old shepherd in the Abbot's gown. 60

§3

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did the Shepherd win pardon for the Abbot?*]

'Now, welcome, Sir Abbot', the King did say,
 'Tis well you've come back to keep your day,
 'And if you can answer my questions three,
 'Your life and your living both saved shall be. 65
 'So, first, when you see me here on my throne 65
 'In my royal robe, and the jewels that I own
 'With my crown that's more costly than any on earth,
 'Come, tell me exactly what I am worth.'
 Said the shepherd: 'Your Majesty, I've been taught
 'That Christ for thirty pence only was bought; 70
 'So twenty-nine pence is the worth of thee,
 'For I think thou art one penny lesser than He!
 At that the king laughed, and he swore by Saint Bittel,
 'I did never think I was worth so little!
 'But, secondly, tell me without any doubt, 75
 'How soon I may ride this whole world about'.
 Said the shepherd: 'My Lord, you must rise with
 the sun,
 'And all day and night with him you must run,
 'And by the next morning 'twill surely be seen
 'Your Majesty right round the world will have 80
 been.' 80

Again the king laughed, and he swore by Saint Bast,
'I never did think of a journey so fast;

'But at my last question you must not shrink,
'Now, tell me here truly what I do think.'

At this the old shepherd wagged his old head, 85
And with twinkling eyes to the king he said:

'Yea, that I shall do, and 'twill make you merry,
'YOU THINK I'M THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

'But I'm his poor shepherd, as now you may see,
'And I've come to beg pardon for him and for me!' 90

At that the king laughed with a laugh long and loud:
Said he: 'Your old abbot of you should be proud.

'Now you shall be abbot, and in your stead he
'Shall wear your old rags and a poor shepherd be.'

'Now, nay,' begged the shepherd, 'be not in such
speed, 95

'For, my Lord, I know neither to write nor to read;

'And surely 'twould be to Your Majesty shame
'That your abbot should not know the shape of your
name!'

Yet again the king laughed, and he said, 'For this
jest

'I surely will give thee a place for thy rest, 100

'And tell the old abbot when home thou dost go,
'That his life and his living to thee he does owe.'

NOTES

§1

Abbot of Canterbury: Canterbury is a town in south-east England where there is a great church, which was formerly a monastery; a monastery is a place where monks live—men who have spent their whole life in worshipping God and in religious work. A monastery is also sometimes called an 'abbey' and its chief man is called an 'abbot'. People used to give much money and property

to monasteries, as they give to temples in India, so the monasteries often became wealthy, and their abbots were very powerful, as Brahmins were in India. plotting: making a plan to do harm. stead: place. vow: promise. By the crown: when making a vow a person goes to a temple or church, or places his hand on a holy book or something he values very much; the king promises 'on my crown' because he values the crown more than anything else. brow: forehead. severed: cut off. shall severed be: ... may answered be: in poetry the words are often put in a different order for the sake of rhyme: in prose we should say 'shall be severed', and 'may be answered'. throne: king's seat. robes: fine clothing. own: possess. the whole world about: round the whole earth, ('about' is a preposition here). shrink: hesitate. wit: knowledge. your life shall be taken away: the real reason was that the King was jealous of the Abbot's wealth. This was a trick to take it from him.

§2

Oxford and Cambridge: the oldest universities of England, where many scholars lived. sheep-fold: place where sheep are kept. ails: troubles. drear: unhappy. Quoth: said. venture: dare, try to do a difficult thing. dread: fear. but: only. ring: the abbot has a special ring which only the head of the monastery is allowed to wear. Kings also wear such rings when they are crowned. folks: people. gown: long coat.

§3

Christ for thirty pence only was bought: when the Jewish leaders wanted to kill Jesus Christ they bribed one of his followers. They gave him thirty Roman pence, so the shepherd says that if Christ was worth only thirty pence, the king must be worth a little less. Saint Bittel . . . Saint Bast: to swear by the name of a saint (holy person), or by God, or something very valuable (such as the king's crown) was the sign of a solemn promise. These names 'Bittel' and 'Bast' are not real: they are invented in order to rhyme with 'little' and 'fast'. wagged: shook. twinkling: shining like a star or a jewel. the shape of your name: the letters in which your name is written. jest: joke, fun.

EXERCISES

1. Why did the king threaten the abbot? What was his threat?
2. What were the three questions the abbot had to answer? What did he do to find out the answers?

3. Who offered to give the answers and what did he do ?
 4. What answer did the shepherd give to the first two questions ?
 5. What was the third question, and the answer ?
 6. What did the King want to do when he heard the answers ?
- Why did he not do it ? What did he do ?

Short poem
2. A BALLAD OF SIR PERTAB SINGH

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Here is a poem by a modern English poet, Sir Henry Newbolt, about His Highness Maharaja Sir Pertab Singh, Regent of Jodhpore, who died in 1922. The same ideal of loyalty to friends is as strong in the Rajputs of our times as it was when the Aryans first came to India.

प्रताप सिंह का मित्र
§1. THE MAHARAJA'S FRIEND

[KEY-QUESTION: *Who was Sir Pertab's friend, and why did they like each other ?*]

In the first year of him ^{अतः} that first
Was Emperor and King,
A rider came to the Rose-red House,
The House of Pertab Singh.

(Young he was and an Englishman,
And a soldier, hilt and heel,
And he struck fire in Pertab's heart
As the steel strikes on steel.)

early in the morning
Beneath the morning stars they rode,

Beneath the evening sun,
And their blood sang to them as they rode,
That all good wars are one.

They told their tales of the love of women,
Their tales of East and West,
But their blood sang that of all their loves
They loved a soldier best.

day of their life

(So ran their joy the allotted days,
 Till at the last day's end
 The Shadow stilled the Rose-red House
 And the heart of Pertab's friend. 20

When morning came, in narrow chest *coffin*
 The soldier's face they hid,
 And over his fast-dreaming eyes
 Shut down the narrow lid.) *cover*

SP. §2. THE ROYAL MOURNER

[KEY-QUESTION: *Why did the people ask for a sweeper to be sent, and why did the Maharaja refuse?*]

Three were there of his race and creed, 25
 Three only, and no more:
 They could not find to bear the dead
 A fourth in all Jodhpore.

'O Maharaj, of your good race
 'Send us a sweeper here: 30
 'A sweeper has no caste to lose
 Even by an alien bier.'

'What need, what need?' said Pertab Singh,
 And bowed his princely head;
 'I have no caste, for I myself 35
 'Am bearing forth the dead.'

'O Maharaj, O passionate heart,
 'Be wise; bethink you yet:
 'That which you lose today is lost
 Till the last sun shall set.' *for ever* 40

'God only knows,' said Pertab Singh,
 'That which I lose today:
 'And without me no hand of man
 'Shall bear my friend away.'

Stately and slow and shoulder-high
In the sight of all Jodhpore
The dead went down the rose-red steps
Upheld by bearers four.

45

A.P.

§3. THE 'FEARFUL THING'

[KEY-QUESTION: *What was the 'fearful thing' which the Brahmins reported to the Maharaja?*]

When dawn relit the lamp of grief
Within the burning East
There came a word to Pertab Singh,
'The soft word of a priest.

50

He woke, and even as he woke
He went forth all in white,
And saw the Brahmins bowing there
In the hard morning light.

55

'Alas! O Maharaj, alas!
'O noble Pertab Singh!
'For here in Jodhpore yesterday
'Befell a fearful thing.

60

'O here in Jodhpore yesterday
'A fearful thing befell.'
'A fearful thing,' said Pertab Singh,
'God and my heart know well—

'I lost a friend.' 'More fearful yet!
'When down these steps you passed
'In sight of all Jodhpore you lost—
'O Maharaj!—your caste.'

65

§4. THE CASTE OF NOBLE HEARTS

[KEY-QUESTION: *What makes a man a member of the highest caste in the world, in the opinion of Sir Pertab Singh?*]

Then leapt the light in Pertab's eyes

As the flame leaps in smoke, } 70

'Thou priest! thy soul hath never known

'The words thy lips have spcke.

'My caste! Know thou there is a caste

'Above my caste or thine,

'Brahmin and Rajput are but dust

'To that immortal line: cast

'Wide as the world, free as the air,

'Pure as the pool of death—

'The caste of all Earth's noble hearts

Is the right soldier's faith.' } 80

NOTES

§1

first was Emperor and King: Edward VII (1901-10), the first British king to be crowned both king of England and Emperor of India. Rose-red House: the palace of Jodhpore, built of red sandstone. a soldier, hilt and heel: his hilt (handle of his sword) and his heels (with spurs for making the horse run fast) showed that he was a good fighter and a good rider. struck fire in Pertab's heart: Pertab loved him very much, because he also was a fine soldier, as many Rajputs are. their blood sang to them: both of them were from fighting races, so they felt friendly and happy together. allotted: fixed (by Fate). The Shadow: Death. stilled the Rose-red House: when the Maharaja's friend died, everyone in the palace was very sad. in narrow chest: in a coffin (box in which a dead body is placed for burial).

§2

Three ... of his race and creed: there were only three Englishmen in Jodhpore, to help to carry the coffin to the burial-ground. Send us a sweeper: according to orthodox Hindu custom, no person be-

longing to a high caste would touch the dead body of a person of lower caste. Only a person with no caste would be allowed to carry the coffin of a non-Hindu, such as the English. A sweeper has no caste to lose: at the time when this poem was written, sweepers were called 'out-castes'; they had no caste. Mahatma Gandhi changed this, and used the word 'Hari-jan' which means 'born from God', to show that they were equal in value to the people of the so-called 'highest caste'. alien: belonging to another race, foreign. bier: a stretcher for carrying the coffin. I have no caste: although Pertab Singh was a Rajput prince, he lost his high caste by touching the Englishman's dead body, in the opinion of the orthodox Hindus. The next verse is supposed to be spoken by an orthodox Hindu, warning him not to do it. by bearers four: the Maharaja was the fourth.

§3

dawn relit the lamp of grief: when the Maharaja awoke in the morning, he remembered his grief for his dead friend. It is a beautiful metaphor. all in white: white is used as a sign of mourning (grief) in India. a fearful thing: the Brahmins were speaking about the Maharaja's losing his caste, but the Maharaja said the loss of his friend, and not the loss of his caste, was the 'fearful thing' for him.

§4

thy soul . . . have spoke: what you say is the result of blindly following custom; it is not the result of true feeling. Brahmin and Rajput are but dust . . . line: if a Brahmin or a Rajput does not do good deeds, he is no better than dust when compared to a man who belongs to the company of those who do good. The deeds of a good man do not die, because the effect lives on after his death. free as the air: everyone is free to join the caste of noble men; he does not have to be born into that caste; he wins the right by good deeds. Pure as the pool of death: nothing can make that caste impure. the right soldier's faith: the true soldier is he who fights for good against evil, and such men are to be found all over the world ('wide as the world').

APPRECIATION

The story told in this poem is simple, and even the language is simple; but how striking it is! Real feeling does not seek to express itself in long and elaborate speeches. Nothing could better

express the grief of the Maharaja than the simple words:—'God and my heart know well—I lost a friend.'

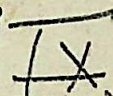
There are some very beautiful but equally simple figures of speech, too. Find them in verses 2, 3, 5, 10, 13, 18.

EXERCISES

1. Mention the figures of speech referred to above, and give the name of each. Which of them do you like best? Why?
2. Analyse the first sentence of this poem, and parse the two words 'first' in line 1.
3. Why is the morning light called 'hard' in the line 56? (What sort of climate has Jodhpore?)
4. What is 'the right soldier's faith'?

3. THE KING'S CURE

ANONYMOUS



§1

[KEY-QUESTIONS: *What disease did the doctors find in the king? What cure did the second doctor propose?*]

THE king was sick. His cheeks were red,
His eyes were clear and bright;
He ate and drank with eagerness,
And peacefully snored at night:

But he *said* he was sick, and a king knows best, 5
So doctors came by the score;
They did him no good, so he cut off their heads,
And sent to the city for more!

At last two famous doctors came, 10
And one was as poor as a rat;
He had passed his life in studying hard
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked at a book—

His patients gave him no trouble,
For if they recovered they paid him well;
If not, their heirs paid double!

15

Together they looked at the royal tongue

As the king on his bed reclined:

And one after t'other they thumped his chest,
But not a disease could they find.

20

Said the one: 'Your Majesty's perfectly well.'

Roared the king: 'Hang him up without fail!'

And the other one's knees began to shake,
And his skin turned wet and pale.

But thoughtfully scratching his bald old head

His prescription he thus began:—

25

'The King will be well if he sleeps one night
'In the shirt of a Happy Man.'

§2

[KEY-QUESTIONS: *Where did the messengers find a Happy Man? Why was he happy?*]

Now far through the kingdom the messengers rode,
And fast their horses ran;

30

And many they saw, and to many spoke,
But they found no Happy Man.

At last they came to a village small

Where a poor man ploughed his land,

And he sang and he laughed, he laughed and he sang

And he halted them with his hand.

35

So the weary courtiers stayed and looked

At the ploughman standing there,

And one of them asked: 'Are you happy, friend?

'For a carefree look you wear.'

40

'O yes, dear sirs', the ploughman replied,
And his voice rang free and glad:
'A countryman has so much to do,
'He has never time to be sad.'

§3

[KEY-QUESTION: *How did the King become happy
and free from sickness?*]

'Ah! this is our man,' the courtiers said, 45
'Our luck has led us aright:
'We'll give you a hundred mohurs, friend, *valore given*
'For the loan of your shirt tonight.'

At this the ploughman laughed aloud,
As he stood there, strong and tall, 50
'I'd give, not lend, you my shirt,' said he,
'If I had a shirt at all!'

(Back went the courtiers to the king,
And the king got out of his bed:
'I'll see that ploughman without a shirt, 55
'Who says he's happy,' he said.)

(And all through his kingdom went the king,
He was sick no more from that day:
He shared with his people their woes and joys, *2 up. 6*
And both they and he were gay. 60

NOTES

§1

His cheeks were red . . . at night: he had all the signs of good health. snored: made a loud sound when breathing. score: twenty; 'By the score' means 'in large numbers'. heirs: those who inherit. those who get property at the death of another. reclined: rested. thumped his chest: tested his lungs by striking the chest to hear the sound. prescription: remedy to cure disease.

§2

halted: stopped.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the two doctors and what they said after examining the king: What happened to each doctor?
2. Where did the messengers find a happy man? What was the cause of his happiness? What did they ask him, and what did he reply?
3. What did the king do when he heard of the happy man? What was the real cause of his sickness and how was he cured?

4. THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING (ABRIDGED)

This is a delightful poem to read or recite aloud, if you do it well. When reading, take care to observe the punctuation carefully, and do not stop at the end of lines where there is no comma or full stop. For example, in the last verse, read 'be wipers of scores out with all men' and do not pause after 'wipers'. The description of the rats and the children running after the sound of the pipe is very clever.

§1

[KEY-QUESTION: *From what did the people of Hamelin suffer and what did they do?*]

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city.
 The River Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side.
 A pleasanter spot you never spied;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

5

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,

10

Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking. 15

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy;
'And as for our Corporation—shocking! 20

'Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
'To find the remedy we're lacking; *Ex. 10.*
'Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!'] *V. 9. 10.*
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation. 25

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:—
'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
'I wish I were a mile hence!
'It's easy to bid one rack one's brain— 30
'I'm sure my poor head aches again,
'I've scratched it so—and all in vain.
'Oh for a trap! a trap! a trap!

§2

[KEY-QUESTION: *Who offered to help them and what
reward did they promise to give?*]

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap? 35
'Bless us!' cried the Mayor, 'What's that?'
'Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
'Anything like the sound of a rat.
'Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!

'Come in!'—the Mayor cried, looking bigger: 40
 And in did come the strangest figure!
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin. 45
 He advanced to the council-table:
 And, 'Please your honours,' said he, 'I'm able,
 'By means of a secret charm, to draw
 'All creatures living beneath the sun,
 'That creep or swim or fly or run, 50
 'After me, so as you never saw!
 'And I chiefly use my charm
 'On creatures that do people harm,
 'The mole and toad and newt and viper:
 'And people call me the Pied Piper. 55
 'As for what your brain bewilders,
 'If I can rid your town of rats,
 'Will you give me a thousand guilders?'
 'One? Fifty thousand!' was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation. 60

§3

[KEY-QUESTION: *What happened when he played his pipe and what did the mayor say?*]

Into the street the Piper stepped,
 Smiling first a little smile:
 (Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled 65
 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;)
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling; 70

And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Families by tens and dozens,

75

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—

Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,

And step for step they followed dancing,

Until they came to the river Weser,

80

Wherein all plunged and perished!

You should have heard the Hamelin people

Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.

'Go,' cried the Mayor, 'and get long poles,

'Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

85

'Consult with carpenters and builders,

'And leave in our town not even a trace

'Of the rats!'—when suddenly, up the face

Of the Piper perked in the market-place,

[90

With a, 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders!'

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;

So did the Corporation too.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow

With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

'Beside,' quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink, 95

'Our business was done at the river's brink;

'We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,

'And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

'So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

'From the duty of giving you something for drink, 100

'And a matter of money to put in your poke;

'But as for the guilders, what we spoke

'Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.

'Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.

'A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!'

105

[KEY-QUESTIONS: *What did the piper do when the mayor refused to pay? What happened?*]

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 'No trifling! I can't wait! Beside
 'I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 'Bagdad. And folks who put me in a passion
 'May find me pipe in another fashion.' 110
 'How?' cried the Mayor, 'd'ye think I'll brook
 'Being worse treated than a cook?
 'You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst!
 'Blow your pipe there till you burst!'

Once more he stepped into the street ; 115
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clatter-
 ing,
 Little hands clapping and little tongues chatter-
 ing, 120
 And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scatter-
 ing,

Out came the children running.
 (All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, 125
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.)

(The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry 130
 To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye)

As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters! 135
 However he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 'He never can cross that mighty top! 140
 'He's forced to let the piping drop,
 'And we shall see our children stop!'
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed; 145
 And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain side shut fast.)

§5

[KEY-QUESTION: *Where did the children go,
and what happened?*]

Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way; 150
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say—
 'It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see, 155
 Which the Piper also promised me.
 When he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Leaving the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
 And everything was strange and new. 160
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,

'And found myself outside the hill,
'Left alone against my will,
'To go now limping as before,
'And never hear of that country more!

165

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But soon they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and children were gone for ever.

170

175

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our pro-
mise.

180

NOTES

§1

Hamelin: a town near Hanover in the state of Brunswick in north Germany, on the river Weser. spied: saw. ditty: little poem or song. vermin: animals which do harm. cradles: babies' beds. chats: talks. shrieking and squeaking: loud cries and sharp cries. in a body: all together. flocking: moving in a flock or group. noddy: stupid fellow. Corporation: Town Council. Rouse up: get up. give your brains a racking: stretch your brain, i.e. make an effort to think. remedy: cure. lacking: without sure as fate: as certain as Fate. send you packing: send you away, turn you out. Quaked: shivered, were very frightened. consternation: great fear. guilder: silver coin of that time. ermine gown: long coat of costly fur, worn by important officials. hence: away from here.

hap: happen. **chamber:** room. **tap:** little knock. **Bless us:** an exclamation of surprise or fear, shortened form of 'May God bless us!' **scraping:** noise of one hard thing being pulled over another; cleaning an object by doing that, as when mud is cleaned from shoes by rubbing them on a mat. **pit-a-pat:** quick movement or noise (as when the heart beats fast through fear). **looking bigger:** trying to show his importance. **your honours:** a respectful way of addressing people. **charm:** word or object in which there is supposed to be magic power. **draw:** pull, drag. **creep:** move slowly on the ground. **so as you never saw:** in a manner which you have never seen. **mole:** small animal like a mouse, which makes holes in the ground. **toad:** big frog. **nawt:** lizard. **viper:** poisonous snake. **Pied:** with patches of several colours. **Piper:** one who plays music on a pipe or flute. **bewilders:** confuses, puzzles.

adept: expert, very clever person. **wrinkled:** bent or pressed together. **twinkled:** shone like a star. **sprinkled:** spread a small quantity (of powder or liquid). **shrill:** sharp and high in sound (like a whistle). **uttered:** spoke, made sound. **muttered:** made a low sound difficult to hear. **grumbling:** deeper but not loud sound. **rumbling:** loud, deep sound like thunder. **tumbling:** falling, leaping. **lean:** thin. **brawny:** strong, muscular. **tawny:** light brown colour. **for their lives:** as fast as they could run. **plunged:** jumped, leaped. **perished:** came to an end, died. **rocked the steeple:** a 'steeple' is a tower with a tall pointed roof; church-bells are usually in such a tower. The Hamelin people rang the bells to show their joy, and they rang them so loudly that the steeple shook from side to side (rocked). **Poke out:** destroy the rats' nests by pushing sticks into the holes where they are. **block up:** close completely. **Consult:** discuss, talk with, take advice from. **trace:** small sign. **up...** **perked** ('up' is an adverb, not a preposition): lifted up, appeared suddenly. **looked blue:** had a look of anxiety, felt anxious. **gipsy:** one of a wandering tribe of people who are poor and badly dressed; here it is used to mean patched or untidy. **knowing wink:** closing one eye as a sign that he knew a great deal. **brink:** edge, bank. **shrink:** hesitate. **poke:** pocket. **thrifty:** careful not to spend money wastefully.

face fell: looked troubled, annoyed. trifling: bad treatment in small matters. I've promised . . . Bagdad: this showed the Piper's magic power, to be able to travel so far in a few hours ! passion: strong feeling (of anger, here). fashion: manner. brook: endure, bear.

ere: before. pattering: making a tapping noise. clattering: making a rattling sound. chattering: talking fast. fowls: birds. flaxen: golden, like flax. (People in northern Europe often have light-coloured hair.) sparkling: shining. Tripping: running and jumping. dumb: speechless. follow with the eye: look. Koppelsburg Hill: a mountain near Hamelin. addressed: sent. pressed: pushed hard. breast: part of the body near the heart. top: summit, high place. portal: gate, opening. cavern: cave, hole in the side of a hill. bereft: deprived of, not possessing. just at hand: quite near. gushed: flowed out. assured: made sure, certain. limping: walking with difficulty. by word of mouth: by messengers who announced the message. lot: chance, luck. his heart's content: as much as would satisfy or make him contented. Willy: the name of the little boy for whom the poem was written. wipers of scores: 'to wipe out a score' means 'to cancel a debt', to pay what is due. aught: anything.

EXERCISES

1. Tell this story in prose in your own words.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own: suffer from vermin; in a body; rack your brains; scraping; pit-a-pat; Your Honour; bewilder; rumbling; block up; not at race; thrifty; clapping; sparkling; block of wood; cured; all in vain; keep a promise.
3. Write in reported speech what the Mayor said, (i) when the people came to complain about the rats; (ii) when the Piper asked for the money promised to him.